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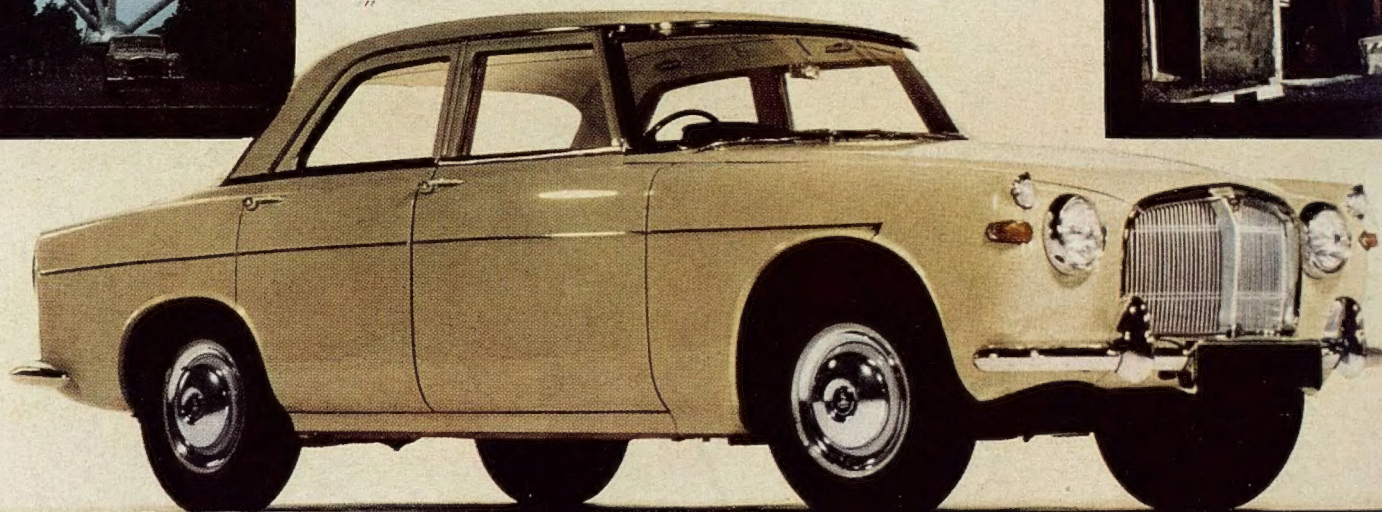
Tatler

LITERARY SCENE STEALERS

& Bystander 2s. weekly 31 May 1961



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ROVER

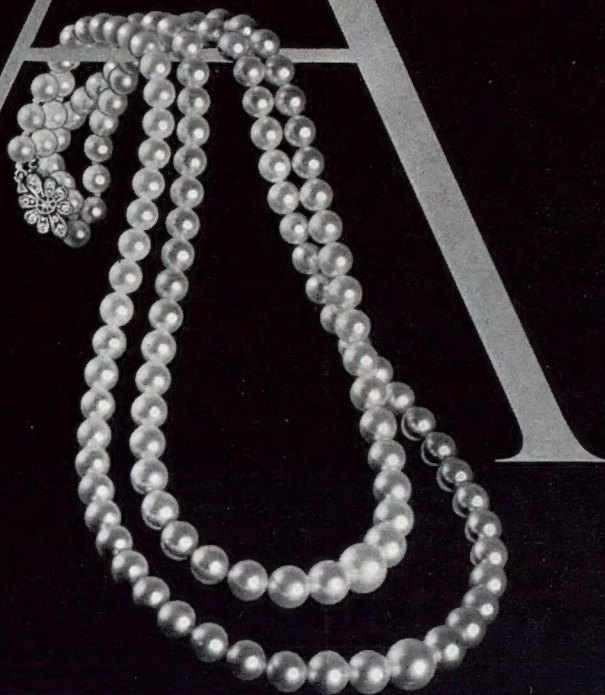
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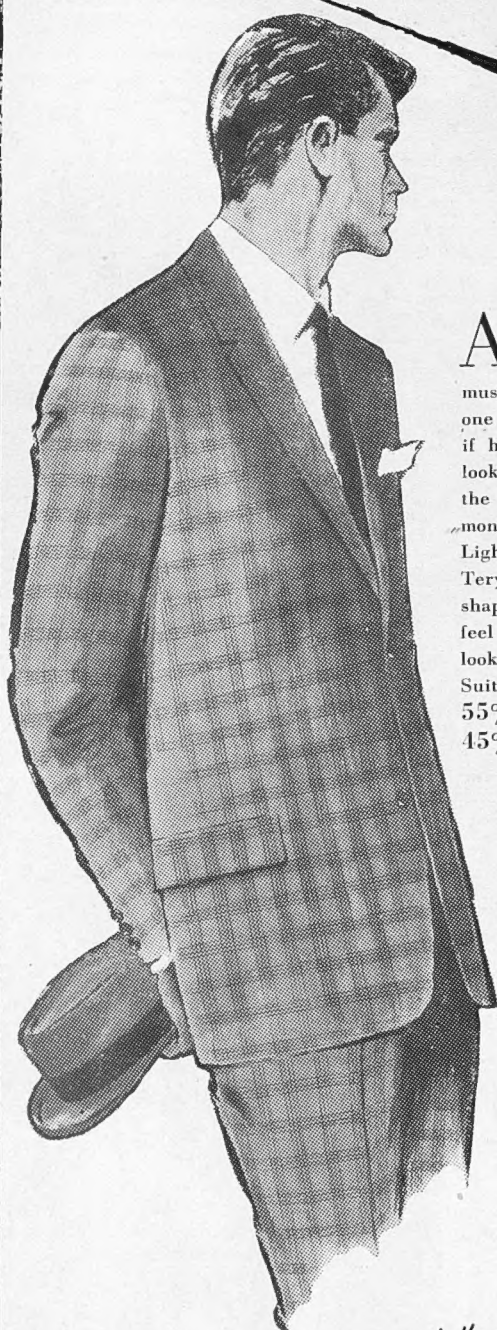
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THE Tatler

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Volume CCXL Number 3118

31 MAY 1961

Page

GOING PLACES:	500
<i>Going places late</i> Douglas Sutherland	502
<i>Going places to eat</i> John Baker White	502
<i>Going places abroad</i> by Doone Beal	504
SOCIAL NEWS & PICTURES:	
<i>Sarah Foot's wedding</i>	514
<i>University croquet</i>	516
<i>Chelsea Flower Show</i>	518
<i>Paris evening in London</i>	520
FEATURES:	
<i>The next author you read . . .</i>	
by Siriol Hugh-Jones	
photographs by Anthea Sieveking	507
<i>Undercover undertones</i>	
by Claud Cockburn	517
<i>Can we stop the Services slipping?</i>	
by Mary Macpherson	
strip cartoons by Robert Hamilton	521
<i>Every composer has his day</i>	
by Spike Hughes	535
LORD R. BRACKEN	524
FASHION:	
<i>March pointers</i>	
<i>Ties for Ascot</i>	525
GOOD LOOKS	
<i>Scissor men</i>	528
COUNTDOWN SPY	534
VERDICT:	
<i>on theatres</i> by Anthony Cookman	536
<i>on films</i> by Elspeth Grant	536
<i>on books</i> by Siriol Hugh-Jones	537
<i>on galleries</i> by Robert Wraight	538
<i>on records</i> by Gerald Lascelles	540
COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY	
<i>A private view</i>	540
MAN'S WORLD <i>The quarter-deck touch</i>	542
DINING IN <i>Season for mackerel</i>	542
MOTORING <i>New cars & some old faults</i>	544
WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS	546

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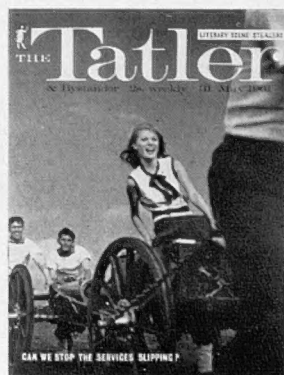
THREE BOOKS



A DAY

This is Siriol Hugh-Jones, who recently passed her third anniversary as The Tatler's book reviewer. It might seem an enviable life, reading books for a living, and Miss Hugh-Jones would be the first to agree. But then she not only likes reading but has the rare capacity to digest books at a rate that would stagger most people who read just for fun. She reckons two hours flat to take in a book of 60,000 words—"provided it's a readable one." She can do this three times a day, barring interruptions by Emma (her six-year-old daughter), before she's had enough. This capacity enables her to write Verdicts on half-a-dozen books a week, leaving plenty of leeway for books that turn out to be not worth reviewing. Siriol Hugh-Jones's first encounter with the literary world was as secretary to George Orwell. She used to deliver his articles to *Tribune*, who later gave her her first break as a stand-in film reviewer. She stayed in journalism, becoming features editor of *Vogue* before turning to freelance writing. Has she any ambitions to write a book herself? She says it would be "adorable to have done, but hell to do." Anyway it wouldn't be fiction—"I don't understand how people do it"—but it just might be biography. This week Siriol Hugh-Jones, besides contributing her usual Verdicts, assesses some of the new wave of writers who may be tomorrow's Companions of Literature (page 507) . . .

The cover:



The Royal Tournament starts today, and this champion gun team from the Royal Navy will be performing.

JOHN COWAN photographed the girl getting a free ride during rehearsals at Lee-on-Solent. *The Royal Tournament is of course a sly recruiting device, but might there be more successful ways of drumming up recruits? See Can we stop the Services slipping? (page 521)*

Next week: The annual Summer Number, with some fresh thoughts on picnics....

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

The Derby, today, at Epsom.

Royal Tournament, today to 17 June, at Earls Court.

Bath & West Show, today to 3 June, at Bristol.

British-Italian Society Dinner-Dance, today, at the Savoy.

Bath Festival, 1 to 11 June at Bath, Somerset.

St. Marylebone Dinner Dance, 1 June, at the Savoy, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. Tickets from Lady Godber at the N.S.P.C.C. (GER 2774).

The Oaks, 2 June, at Epsom.

S.O.S. Africa (late night variety show), 2 June, at the Victoria Palace, in aid of Africa Bureau. Tickets: 10s. to 5 gns. from Mrs. Jan Green, Africa Bureau (TAT 0701).

Hampshire Red Cross Ball, 2 June, at county headquarters, Weeke, Winchester.

Gay Sparks Ball, 2 June, at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Polio Research Fund. Tickets: 5 gns. (double) from Mr. C. Scott-Paton, 24 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3.

West Street Foxhounds Mid-Summer Ball, 2 June, at Hotel Imperial, Hythe.

Final of the Queen's Cup Polo, 4 June, at Windsor.

Open Air Symphony Concert, 4 June (evening), at Christ Church, Oxford, in aid of the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. (If wet in Oxford Town Hall.) Tickets: 7s. 6d. to 32s. from Taphouses, Oxford, and Mr. R. Hanbury, Christ Church, Oxford.

The New Bridge Soirée (with Brains Trust), 5 June, at Lincoln's Inn Hall & Library. Tickets: 2 gns. from The New Bridge, 2 Beaconsfield Terrace Road, W.14.

Gala Performance of "The Sound of Music", 5 June, at the Palace Theatre, in aid of the Rugby Clubs, Notting Hill. Tickets: 10s. 6d. to

10 gns. from Mrs. Ian Elliott, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.

The Air Ball, 6 June, at the Dorchester, in aid of the Air League of the British Empire. Tickets: 3 gns. from Mrs. Madge Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7. **The grounds of Chartwell**, Westerham, Kent open to the public, 7 June, in aid of the Y.W.C.A., by kind permission of Sir Winston & Lady Churchill.

Gala performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" (to be attended by the Queen Mother), 8 June at Covent Garden, in aid of the Royal Opera House Benevolent Fund. (Postal bookings only.)

RACE MEETINGS

Epsom, today & 1, 2 June; Lincoln, today & 1; Carlisle, 1; Bogside, 2, 3; Kempton Park, Redcar, 3; Nottingham, 3, 5; Alexandra Park, 5; Catterick Bridge, 6; Beverley, Brighton, 7, 8 June.

CRICKET

Australians v. Oxford University, to 2 June; **v. Sussex**, at Hove, 3, 5, 6 June. First Test Match, England v. Australia, Edgbaston, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13 June.

GOLF

Ladies British Open Amateur Championship, Carnoustie, Angus, to 1 June.

Lucifer Golfing Society British Commonwealth meeting finals, Walton Heath, 8, 9 June.

YACHTING

Medway Week, Upnor, Kent, 1-4 June; **Tay Week**, 3-8 June; **Forth Week**, 3-10 June; **Poole & Bournemouth Bay Week**, 3-11 June. **Flying Fifteen Championship**, Falmouth, 5-10 June.

ROWING

May Week, Cambridge, races, 7-10 June.



JOHN ARTHUR

The Crazy Gang, painted by Andrew Vicari, is among the exhibits at the one-man show opening tomorrow at the old Peter Robinson building in Leicester Square. Sponsored by impresario Jack Hyllton, the show includes some 150 works and lasts six weeks, and proceeds will go to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, of which Bud Flanagan is a life-governor

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Boris Godunov*, 7 p.m., 1, 5, 7, 10 June; *Lucia di Lammermoor*, 7.30 p.m., 6, 9, 12 June. (cov. 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, tonight, 3 June (end of ballet season); *Giselle*, 2 June.

Royal Festival Hall. B.B.C. Light Musical Festival, 7.30 p.m., 3 June; D-Day Anniversary Concert, with band of the Royal Military School of Music, 3 p.m., 4 June; Artur Rubinstein (piano), 8 p.m., 5 June; Music For A Summer Night, 7.45 p.m., 6 June. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Summer Exhibition, Royal Academy, Burlington House, W.1. **Chagall Exhibition**, O'Hana Gallery, 13 Carlos Place, W.1, from tomorrow (see Galleries page 538.) **Keith Money** (paintings), Rutland Gallery, 180 Brompton Road, S.W.3.

Modern Lacquers of Animals & Birds, by Helene Whitwell, at Eley Studios, 24 Motcomb Street, S.W.1.

Embroidery Exhibition, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street, W.1.

FIRST NIGHTS

Savoy. *The Bird Of Time*, tonight. **Globe**. *Dazzling Prospect*, 1 June. **Mermaid**. *The Andersonville Trial*, 6 June.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Coe-man. For this week's see page 536.

Belle. "... crude but vital pastiche of the old music-hall ... more exuberance than wit, but terrifically alive ... what goes wrong is that a fatal touch of realistic sentiment creeps into the story." George Benson, Rose Hill, Virginia Vernon, Jerry Desmonde. (Strand Theatre, TEM 2660.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 536.

101 Dalmatians. "... Mr. Walt Disney has made a triumphant comeback. This film is a pure joy. Dog-lovers will dote on it and I do believe cat-lovers will too." (Studio One, GER 3300.)

BRIGGS by Graham



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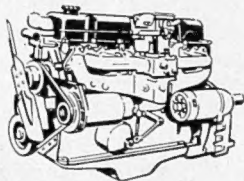


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GOING PLACES LATE

New on the dawn patrol

Douglas Sutherland

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN ALMOST all late-night entertainment was restricted to clubs. Now few night spots can open on a purely club basis and hope to be successful. Instead the trend is towards the late-night restaurant where you can dine, dance and see a floor show, I find this the most satisfactory development in the West End over the past few years.

This week I visited the most recent late-night restaurant, the **Riviera**, opened a week or two ago by 26-year-old Mervyn Conn in Hanover Square. The accent in most late-night restaurants is on a lavish floor show (as at the Pigalle and the Talk of the Town), but the Riviera places more emphasis on first-class cuisine and typically French atmosphere. The cabaret is on an intimate scale—not so easy to find in town these days. The Riviera claims to be the only late-night French restaurant in London; and since late in this case means three in the morning, I think it is justified. To implement his policy of authentic French cabaret, Conn

leaves this week for Paris where he hopes to book a series of top-line French acts to carry him through the summer.

Conn himself is one of those remarkable young men—not so few and far between nowadays—who have made a considerable amount of money at a sufficiently early age to indulge a new career. He has plunged £30,000 made out of manufacturing men's suede jackets into his own idea of what he thinks London needs in the way of late-night entertainment, and who can say that he may not be right? Certainly the standard of food and the prices are equally attractive. *Table d'hôte* with quite a wide choice is 25s., with drink and *à la carte* prices comparably inexpensive. Dancing is to Frank King and his orchestra and it looks like becoming one of those places where you really can have an evening out for two at around the £5 mark.

Another late night restaurant now well established in London is the **Latin Quarter** in Wardour Street. Here too the food is good

and the wine prices reasonable. There is an hour-long Follies-type floor show of which the highlight is the Inverness Scottish Pipers & Drummers. These young ladies pipe and drum most elegantly in costumes that would never have passed muster at Culloden.

Cost of the dinner-dance from 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. is 32s. 6d. on weekdays and 38s. 6d. on Saturdays. The Lautrec bar makes an attractive and quiet place to meet for a drink.

Talking to Peter Tolaini, one of the five Tolaini brothers who run the Latin Quarter as well as Tolaini's restaurant next door (mentioned below by colleague John Baker White), I was interested to hear of their new dollar-earning venture. Taking a leaf out of the American book they run London by Night bus tours with a difference. Super-luxury buses are fitted with every convenience, including a cocktail bar.

The idea is a tremendous success with Americans and out-of-town visitors. The next time a cocktail party pulls up alongside you at the lights in Piccadilly you will know what it is all about.

Cabaret calendar

Talk of the Town (REG 5051)

Sophie Tucker and the Ten

O'Clock Follies

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Patti Page*

Savoy (TEM 4343) *Three Monarchs and Bobby Jule with the Savoy Dancers*

Celebrity (HYD 7636) *Chiquita Carlos, dancer, with supporting bill Society* (REG 0565) *Maggy*

Sarragne, French singer

Colony (MAY 1657) *Hutch*

Quaglini's (WHI 6767) *Harriet & Evans, coloured entertainers*

Winston's Club (REG 5411)

Winston's Merry-go-round with Danny La Rue

Astor (GRO 3181) *Hale & Hayden, American comedians, with Joan Small, English singer*



DAVID SIM

Shani Wallis, star of *Irma La Douce*, returns to late-night cabaret at the Hungaria this week.

GOING PLACES TO EAT

The garnish is charm

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Tolaini's, 17 Wardour Street (Leicester Square end). (GER 1666.) C.S. The comfortable layout of this restaurant, and its atmosphere, makes it particularly suitable for business luncheons. If I were a young man I would find it an equally suitable place to take the lady of my affections, while it has I know a firmly established clientele of married people, who appreciate its charm. It is a place for those who like quiet, comfort, intimate conversation, and good cooking to go with it. Italian dishes, including several pleasant ways of doing chicken, are the speciality. The service is most attentive. The three-course luncheon is 15s. 6d. and the four-course dinner 21s. W.B.

Walbrook River Club, 22 Cousin Lane, in the shadow of Cannon Street station bridge. (CEN 5586.) Open 12 noon to 3.30 p.m. and 5 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. Closed Sundays and Saturday lunchtime. Full

annual subscription £6 6s., evenings only, £2 2s. I can think of few more delightful places in London in which to spend a fine summer evening. The house is charming and the view up the river fine. The food is first-class, for Roger Forster, who runs the club, was trained in French restaurants, besides being a Resistance fighter of high repute. At night there is plenty of parking room within 100 yards. W.B.

The Mogul Rooms, Jermyn Street, W.1. Unlike many "Indian" restaurants this one is spacious, comfortable and well appointed. There is a wide choice of curries—I give full marks to the chicken curry. The mulligatawny soup and Indian fruit salad are also pleasant and out of the ordinary. There are French and English dishes too. Service is swift and attentive, but the coffee and the soup could be hotter. Full licence, prices reasonable.

Harrods. The Georgian Room. Luncheon only. (SLO 1234.) C.S.

An idea that dies hard is that people avoid the restaurants of large stores and that the food is uninteresting anyhow. A meal in the Georgian Room is sufficient to remove this impression for good. The cooking is first-rate, as plenty have found. From a tour of the kitchens I gained an impression of top-quality products being prepared with great efficiency. The wine list is chosen from the store's own cellars—I need give it no higher praise. Next door, for those in more of a hurry, is the **A La Carte Café**. It specializes in cold dishes, but there are always some hot ones as well. The *pièce de résistance* is a remarkably large and attractive help-yourself *smörgåsbord* table. W.B.

Barbizon, 132 Cromwell Road. (FRE 0200.) C.S. A small restaurant with a pleasant atmosphere only 100 yards from the West London Air Terminal. There is nearly always *Saucisson Toulouse* on the menu and *Steak Diane* is a speciality. The "set" dinner is good value at 12s. 6d. The wine list of the Barbizon is adequate and there is a full licence.

Charco's, 1 Bray Place, Chelsea. (KNI 4903.) Open again for lunch and dinner up to midnight, after a damaging fire, it has a new décor and a new direction. The clientele

seems to be the same. Grills are a speciality, and when the weather is good you may be able to get a table outside. W.B.

Next stop Loué

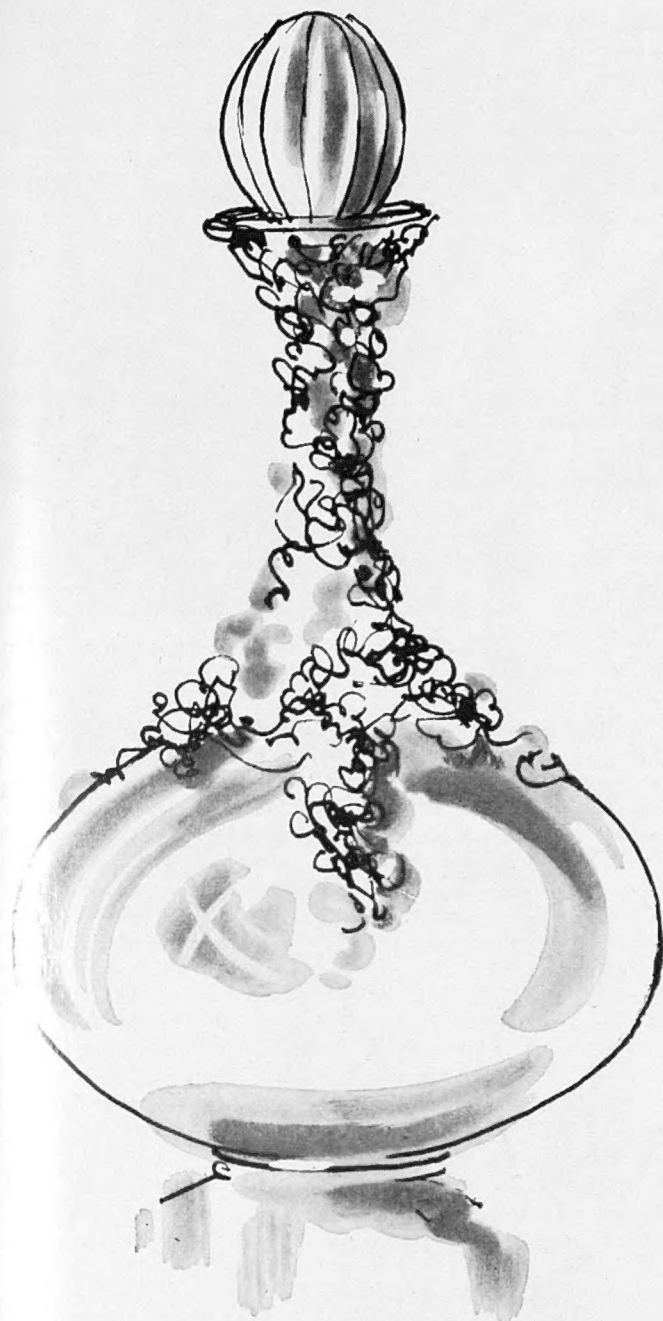
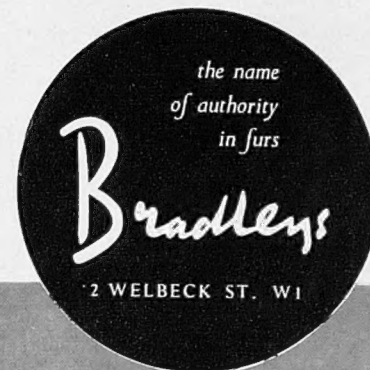
The sign "Cité Gastronomique" appears at intervals along the first 20-odd kilometres of the road from Le Mans to Laval and Rennes until you come to Loué. There you will find the **Hotel Ricordeau** to which Michelin gives two rosettes. In its salon hang five of the most coveted gastronomic certificates, including that of the Club des Cents, awarded to its patron and chef M. Ricordeau. The cooking is splendid, the wine list is fine, and the hotel itself most comfortable. It is an easy day's journey to or from Le Touquet, the Channel ports and Cherbourg. W.B.

Guide for gourmets

Hachette, London, have published a useful guide listing 1,000 French restaurants of modest price but good quality. It costs only 8s. 6d. and contains some sensible maps showing one where the various places are. Its full title is *Guide Gastronomique de l'Auto-Journal*. I would say that it was a bargain at the price.

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J. ALLAN CASH

The fishing village of Smögen, north of Gothenburg

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Summer in Sweden

Doone Beal

THE SWEDISH SUMMER IS BRIEF BUT poetic, and perhaps only if one had to endure the darkness of their winter could one appreciate it quite as the Swedes themselves do. But, being predominantly drier than Norway, cooler and more sparkling than the Mediterranean countries, it admirably fills the bill for people who want a change of scene and flavour without the somewhat torrid *longueur* that attends southern summers.

I remember with great pleasure a milky blue day in July among the barren, rocky little islets of Lysekil, with motor and sailing boats carving corkscrew wakes in the pale, glassy water. This seascape—or landscape, hard to decide which to call it—is quite different from the Skargarden, or land of skerries, which comprise the Stockholm archipelago. The mossy grey-pebbled islets of the west coast give way to quite substantially sized islands, and long-armed peninsulas, birch-wooded, and pine-clad; grey wooden summer villas melt into the landscape, a-flutter with white muslin.

This Baltic archipelago, where the fresh and salt waters merge, is the summer playground, the weekend dormitory for Stockholmers who enjoy the enviable privilege of being but 20 minutes by train, 90 by steamer, from the city centre. The chief resort of the area is Saltsjöbaden, and even that cannot be called a resort in the con-

ventional sense; what there is of it is hidden by trees until you are almost on it. Its centrepiece is the immense Grand Hotel, with an 18-hole golf course and a little sailing harbour. Perhaps less good for swimming than the west coast, these waters are admirable for small boat sailing, and boats can be hired through the hotel from 60 kroner a day. There are some 14,000 islands in the archipelago, which extends for 50 miles from Stockholm to the outer skerries—so you can imagine the scope. Sandhamn is about as near the coast proper as you can get, and plenty of public steamers run to and fro from both Stockholm and Saltsjöbaden.

The school holidays in Sweden are from mid-June to early August, and the resorts around both Gothenburg on the west coast and Stockholm on the Baltic are then at their most crowded. But the summer lingers on into September and this is the best time to enjoy not only the mainland but the island of Gotland, 50 minutes' flight away.

Visby, its capital, has a certain mystique and there are people to whom it is a kind of northern Shangri-La.

It is famed for its splendid roses which, owing to the soil, have a peculiar brilliance and scent. They bloom in every garden, trail from every wall and around the grey ruined shells of the Gothic churches. It has undoubted charm,

though its devotees shudder to tell you of the crowds which inundate it in July, taking up every bed down to the tiniest guest house. Once a Hanseatic city, it is now a peaceful ghost of its former trading glory, still surrounded on all except the sea side by crumbling ramparts. The old harbour has been reclaimed and all that remains of it is a pond in the middle of a brilliant green oasis of marsh grass, backed by low houses with deep, red-tiled eaves.

The appeal of the island as such, apart from Visby, is a certain remoteness (best, obviously, enjoyed by car). It is all fields and farmsteads, scampering black sheep who are especially endearing in their infancy, little clutches of cottages which you could hardly call villages, great sweeps of surrealist, white-pebbled shore, and 93 churches, not one of which is later than 14th century. To an eye accustomed to the more effulgent splendour of the Latin churches, these, with their lovely proportion and whitewashed walls, usually unadorned except for the odd wood carving, are rather refreshingly uncluttered and austere (which, when one thinks of it, epitomizes much of the charm of Sweden itself).

In Visby, the only hotel of any size is the Stadshotellet, where one dines in a vaulted medieval strong-room. And well. On the coast nearby, Snäckgärdsbaden has a heated salt-water swimming pool and a *chef* borrowed for the season from one of Stockholm's best restaurants. It is open only from June to the end of September.

What of summer in Stockholm itself? It must be one of the few capitals which is positively agreeable through July and August, not to mention its glory in early autumn. I have always found it a most

stimulating and pleasant city with its great expanses of water, its bridges and something in the atmosphere that smacks of New York. Foresta is a semi-resort hotel, on the island of Lidingö. It has lots of outdoor terraces to catch the sun, and balconies to many of the rooms, all of which are furnished like sitting-rooms: (and oh, what a welcome break from the drear of a conventional hotel bedroom!).

If you want to be in the city centre, you can still overlook the water from either the Grand or the Strand, both of which are cushioned in old-fashioned comfort. The Strand has one of the best restaurants in Europe, with that rare combination of international service and local cuisine; interesting adventurous food like shrimp pancakes, anchovy *soufflé*, delicate pickled salmon with dill mayonnaise, plus an impressive cellar. Riche is the other gastronomic contender, elegant and beautifully served; and there are at least two spectacularly good country restaurants: Djurgårdsbrunn, near the royal deer park, and Stallmästargården, which was converted from the royal stablemaster's lodge. In spite of their social conscience—probably the most advanced in the world, bar none—the Swedes are exceedingly fond of their comforts, and more respectful than they would have you believe of what was once a completely feudal tradition.

B.E.A. and S.A.S. have just started direct flights to Stockholm, and the flight in Comet or Caravelle now takes just over two hours. This daytime fare is £58 7s. return; by night (a Viscount flight) the fare is only £37 6s., and can include both Gothenburg and Copenhagen *en route*, providing the journeys are made within 21 days.



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wants
a
slinky
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Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenhams at the Chateau de Pontchartrain by kind permission of Madame Lagasse, whose lovely home this is.

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The next author you read

could easily be one of the nine on the following pages. Anthea Sieveking took the pictures and Siriol Hugh-Jones supplies an assessment of the new wave among writers. She begins: Nobody could say that the C.Lit. awards from the Royal Society of Literature were calculated to rouse a storm of controversy. Five Grand Old Gentlemen were honoured, men already so eminent ("part of our literary heritage") as to qualify as required reading for examinations. Forster, the benign writer-in-retirement who so recently made an unexpected stir in the London theatre . . . Maugham, the aged eagle taking the sun on his Mediterranean crag . . . Masfield, the seafaring man with sad eyes who once wrote violent narrative poems of considerable disturbance-value . . . Trevelyan, wisest and most humane of historians . . . and Churchill, the man of all talents. (The mystery-man of the group is Mr. Eliot, who is rumoured to have passed the honour politely up.) They make an awesome and stately quintet, sitting in the serene sunshine at the top of the mountain, while a lot of so different characters are hacking and belaying and digging spiky crampons into the untranquil slopes below.

Things have changed quite a bit around the old place since the golden days of the C.Lits. "Style," for one thing—beautiful, elegant, polished, calculated (and there's a fine collection of discredited adjectives) style has taken a terrible beating. It is found no more except in odd unclassifiable pockets of resistance—the lush-jungle prose of Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*, the delicate precision and romanticism of Elizabeth Jane Howard's novels, the bizarre and idiosyncratic climate of Sybille Bedford's one novel *A Legacy*, Laurie Lee's edible arabesques.

This is not to say that the social-realistic, documentary, tea-and-kippers novel that began with *Scenes from Provincial Life*, the redbrick novel, isn't a fine and salutary thing if the habit for it does not harden into a vice. Kingsley Amis, John Wain and John Braine have mapped the seedy unposh beery provinces and given the anti-hero a name and habitation. Sillitoe has added a pungent whiff of protest, and Keith Waterhouse an unexpected note of pure, touching lyricism, conjured out of damp urban landscapes and undertakers' offices. The anti-glory boys are against heroism, patriotism, rhetoric, pretensions of all kinds, folk art and Eng. Lit. They sometimes make a stormy sort of noise like revolutionaries on the march, but in fact have kind beating hearts and like jazz, science fiction, domestic life, children and a drink at the pub.



Meanwhile, plenty of talent that would at one time have passed straight into the novel is being siphoned off into the theatre. Unperturbed by this strictly contemporary phenomenon, Sir Charles Snow continues to examine the motives and effects of power, Anthony Powell keeps up the long, calm, private conversation that narrates the upper-class social history of our time, and one or two wild men who refuse to be shepherded into comfortable groups—Gabriel Fielding, William Golding, T. H. White—continue to send out lonely coded signals for anyone who cares to attend. (Such men are dangerous, and a taste for their work may speedily develop into a roaring obsession.)

As usual, and surely mercifully, it is unsafe to group women writers. They remain defiantly unlike each other or anybody else. Iris Murdoch writes beautifully organized, strange novels thick with the sort of symbolism that I find intimidating but others greatly admire. Pamela Hansford Johnson, an indefatigable novelist, wrote what was for me one of the most memorable and alarming books of the last 21 years, *The Unspeakable Skipton*. Muriel Spark, the lady of surprises, the holy joker in the pack, wrote a minor masterpiece called *The Ballad of Peckham Rye*. Penelope Mortimer has a particular corner in domestic tragi-comedy in which middle-class families quietly hack each other to pieces. Mary Renault writes historical novels which read like the work of a temporarily totally possessed imagination.

I doubt you could say the postwar years had thrown up many geniuses. But the mainstream writing, despite the inevitable risk it runs of becoming merely chic, is good, rowdy, first-hand, unorthodox stuff, busy and cockasnook and a necessary antidote to the old ivory-tower line. Maybe some of the more raucous shouts can even be heard up beyond the snowline where the C.Lits. sit in a deserved and rosy glow, sipping their mulled nectar and hoping it keeps fine for the brave boys toiling up.

THE NEXT AUTHOR YOU READ

CONTINUED

Muriel Spark: *Made name with a peculiarly haunting prize-winning competition story, The Seraph & the Zambesi. Writes glittering satire, freaked with fantasy and dark magic; strong Roman Catholic climate. The Ballad of Peckham Rye is a small masterpiece, frightening and funny; the alarming Memento Mori her best-known book*



Alan Sillitoe: *Young novelist and poet, acknowledged in this country as the most vivid and extreme among our strictly non-posh working-class chroniclers. The film of Saturday Night & Sunday Morning brought him a wide audience. The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner, a long short story and sustained tour de force, contained his sharpest, barest and best writing*

Corelli Barnett: *Young military historian—The Desert Generals—who recently startled an older generation with his cold-eyed irreverent interpretation of Second World War battles and generalship. Arouses sharp criticism in some, viewed by others as symptom of wind-of-change opposition to the point of view of soldier autobiographers*



THE NEXT AUTHOR YOU READ *continued*

Simon Raven: *Spikey, faintly diabolic talent, non-mainstream; writes about patrician young men with unruly tendencies. Feathers of Death made his name; Doctors Wear Scarlet revealed him as unabashed about vampirism as a contemporary theme*



Jane Gaskell: *Leather-skirted teenage talent lives in West Ken.; not yet 20, but has already published two novels, Strange Evil and King's Daughter and has just finished a third. Recently she has been making a contribution to journalism*



Sybille Bedford: *Unclassifiable writer of extraordinary and vivid talent, author of A Visit to Don Ottavio (travel in Mexico), A Legacy, and the new The Faces of Justice (an observation of the law in action in far European countries)*



Clancy Sigal: *An American writer who became known in this country with Weekend in Dinlock. His recent work as film critic, finally abandoned when pressure became unendurable, was characterized by a quality of seething fury and insistence on a relationship between cinema and life. Social-realist type novelist with active political-type conscience*



Christine Brooke-Rose: *Cool and elegantly funny novelist whose remarkable scholarly gifts A Grammar of Metaphor earned high praise in 1958—run over into her fiction—The Languages of Love was a feline and entertaining blend of philology and metropolitan love affairs. New book, The Middlemen, appears this autumn. Married to Jan Peterkiewicz, who leads a comparable double life as a novelist and lecturer at London University School of Slavonic Studies*

THE NEXT AUTHOR YOU READ concluded



John Wyndham: *Author of the now classic Day of the Trillids and The Midwich Cuckoos, succeeds in writing original and instantly memorable science fiction without blinding the reader with pure mathematics. Now has a wide appeal for film audiences of all heights of brow*



Muriel Bowen's social notes

It was so sunny and warm at the first of the royal garden parties that hundreds of guests sat on the (usually unoccupied) chairs under the trees by the bandstand. The **Queen Mother** was the only woman to come fully prepared for the unexpected heat; she had a parasol to match her primrose-yellow coat and hat. The **Queen** had a summery coat of apple-green tie silk; and both **Princess Alexandra** and the **Princess Royal** came in the same shade, a bright rose pink.

The lawns of Buckingham Palace bloomed with women in billowing dresses and pretty hats. There were more than 8,000 guests. Among them: **Sir John Hanbury-Williams**, clutching an umbrella; **Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter**, Minister of Pensions & **Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter**; **Lady Illingworth**, **Dr. Solomon Wand**, chairman of the British Medical Association Council, & **Mrs. Wand**, and **Sir Harry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid**, M.P., & **Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid**.

Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid told me her daughter Sarah—a 1960 debutante—is now in Moscow for the British Trades Fair. Her Russian is so useful that she was able to get a job as interpreter on a veneer stall.

Invitations to the Queen's garden parties always include unmarried daughters. This year there seemed to be a particularly large number of them. **Sir John Wolfenden**, Vice-Chancellor of Reading University, & **Lady Wolfenden** had their younger daughter, **Deborah** with them. "It was Ascension Day so we didn't have to ask to get her off from school," **Lady Wolfenden** told me. **Commodore Donald MacLean** of the Queen Elizabeth was one of the first of the guests to whom the Queen spoke. He came with **Mrs. Maclean** and their daughter **Heather**, who was having a day off from her secretarial job at Southampton. **Mr. & Mrs. Jack Steinberg** brought their daughter **Katherine**, who comes out next year.

Judge & Mrs. John Harington were up from Worcestershire for the day, and still more were: **Dr. Elston Grey-Turner**, **Mr. Edward Du Cann**, M.P., **Lord Digby** (sporting a bright orange carnation), **Dr. Brian Warren** and his wife, famous in her own right as surgeon, **Miss Josephine Barnes**, and **Sir Rupert & Lady De la Bere**.

THE QUEEN'S GIFT

I have been hearing about the walking-stick which the **Queen** gave to the **Pope** as a memento of her visit

to the Vatican. "The Pope likes walking-sticks" was the message that came back after an inquiry through the usual diplomatic channels. So a Piccadilly store was asked to send a selection round to the Palace. The Queen looked them over, and chose a type of stick that is a favourite with elderly people, an ebony one with a rhinoceros horn handle and gold band.

The Pope always gives a small gift to those he receives in private audience, but last week **Mr. Arthur Macmillan** came away with *four*—much better than his brother Harold, the **Prime Minister**, did in November. Before the Prime Minister left the Pope's apartments he introduced his staff. The Pope was nonplussed for a moment. Then glancing from the staff to the gifts he remarked: "Well I don't think I can do the loaves and fishes with this lot!" Some of the Prime Minister's staff had to do without.

Mrs. Arthur Macmillan did not accompany her husband to Rome. She was busy with arrangements for the annual general meeting and luncheon party of the Camphill Village Trust at the Waldorf. This is a unique venture in the field of mental health charity and provides villages where mentally handicapped teenagers and young adults live in a family circle, at the same time learning how to earn a livelihood. Like most mental health charities it's sadly short of cash.

IT STARTED IN CYPRUS

The other side of the grim times that governors of Cyprus went through in the troubled years is the story of the romances that budded at Government House as the bombs exploded. The last of these blossomed when **Miss Sarah Foot**, daughter of **Sir Hugh & Lady Foot**, married **Capt. Timothy Burbury** of the Blues (*pictures overleaf*).

At the Chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge, for the ceremony, were several young couples who first met at Government House, Nicosia, while **Sir Hugh Foot** was Governor. They included **Capt. Anthony Maxse** (former personal assistant to the Governor) & his fiancée, **Sue Emson**; **Mr. Richard Abel Smith** (for a time A.D.C. to **Sir Hugh**) & **Mrs. Abel Smith**, formerly **Marcia Kendrew**; and **Capt. Seymour Thistlethwayte** & **Mrs. Thistlethwayte**. She's **Lady Foot's** niece, the former **Christina Herridge**. All the girls either had jobs at Government House or lived in Cyprus where their parents were stationed.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

CYPRUS SEQUEL

Miss Sarah Foot was married to Capt. Timothy Burbury, of the Blues, at St. John's Chapel, Cambridge. They met at Government House during the troubles

The Earl & Countess of Coventry with Mrs. Everard Gates



MURIEL BOWEN

continued

Below: the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher, at the wedding of their fifth son, Geoffrey, to Miss Jill Cooper. Their five other sons, Tim, Frank, Humphry, Harry & Charles were also there

"It was so exciting the way they kept getting engaged, but in the end I just ran out of girls," Lady Foot told me. She and her husband are off to New York on the Queen Mary in a week or so. He goes as British Representative on the Trusteeship Council at the U.N. Fortunately they're spared the accommodation worries which virtually always go with a posting to New York. They take over Mr. Edward Molyneux's exquisite small house, complete with garden, bang in the middle of Manhattan.

At the wedding was Princess Alice, who's been a family friend since Sir Hugh Foot was Governor of Jamaica. She used to go out there annually as Chancellor of the University College of the West Indies. When the Foots were transferred to Cyprus she asked if she might go there on an unofficial visit.

She arrived at Government House at the height of the troubles.

From the church everybody went under a red and white striped awning along the side of the college walls to the College Hall, a lofty old building with the afternoon sun coming through the latticed windows. Queen Elizabeth I once rode a horse into the hall.

"When they made me an Honorary Fellow last year I plucked up courage and asked if Sarah could be married in the Chapel and have the reception in the Hall," Sir Hugh told me. I think he is prouder of being an Honorary Fellow of St. John's than he is of any of his other achievements. The bride beamed happily at the milling crowd gathered in the Hall. She had feared that few of her friends would make the journey, but they all turned up. The Earl & Countess of Coventry were there, Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Embiricos, Mrs. Robert Browning (her husband was private secretary to Sir Hugh in Cyprus and she did the flowers for the wedding, with Mrs. Boys Smith, wife of the Master of St. John's) and Lady (Molly) Huggins, just back from Jamaica.

Others were: Surgeon Lt.-Col. & Mrs. D. R. W. Burbury, the groom's parents, Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Herridge, Lt.-Gen. Sir Roger & the Hon. Lady Bower, Mr. & Mrs. Esmond Durlacher, and Lady Milverton.

There was a bevy of small fry attending the bride. One page, all dressed up in the uniform of the Royal Horse Guards, insisted on unbuttoning his coat, and a combination of mums and grandmums couldn't get him to button up again. He was Andy Gordon (great-great-great-grandson of Gordon of Khartoum).

No speeches—the bride was firm about that. "There are too many speechifying uncles in the family." The



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
TOM HUSSLER

Right: *Giles and Sarah Bellamy* were two of the attendants

Below: *Bridegroom's parents Surgeon Lt.-Col. & Mrs. D. R. W. Burbury* and (right) *Sir Hugh & Lady Foot*, parents of the bride



Miss Zara Heber-Percy and Mr. Gavin Tait, who are engaged

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, & Capt. Richard Abel Smith



Foot in general agreed. "Let them get on their feet and the proceedings would be prolonged by three hours and I'm all against that," said Mr. John Foot, struggling with a squawking grandchild. Mrs. Dingle Foot called: "At my wedding the Foots went on and on talking and it was a job fitting them all in."

ARCHBISHOP'S LAST HOUSE PARTY

Mr. Geoffrey Fisher, wife of the retiring Archbishop of Canterbury, had her final house party at the Old Palace, Canterbury, last weekend. To stay she had nine of the candidates in Canterbury for ordination and others came in for meals. "Normally all of them would come to stay but this year I've got so much family," Mrs. Fisher told me as we chatted in the drawing room. Her third son, Charles, his wife and their five children (all under the age of eight) were staying. The children's clothing and baby harness took up all the hooks in the hall.

I asked Mrs. Fisher if she would be taking her grand piano to her new home. She rose from her chair, took a look at the colour of the label on the leg of the piano and said: "No, not this one, it's going to my youngest son. I shall be taking the one from Lambeth." Attached to each piece of furniture was a coloured label. What Dr. & Mrs. Fisher are not taking with them is being divided between their six sons.

One of the Fishers' retirement presents was a TV set. It's their first. "I'll certainly look in and enjoy it," she says. "But I'm not so sure about my husband; he's never bothered with TV." (One of their sons, Humphry, is a producer of outside broadcasts for B.B.C. TV.)

When Mrs. Ramsay, wife of the new Archbishop,

goes to live at the Old Palace she will find the cupboards large and empty, and the walls uncluttered. Mrs. Fisher found the cupboards overflowing with Victorian bric-a-brac collected by a number of her predecessors, and the walls full of "enormous big pictures of Archbishops and their Deans."

Determined that her successor won't have the same experience, she turned her son Charles loose on "packing and cupboards" when she and the Archbishop were away in Uganda some months ago. Mr. Fisher, back from schoolmastering in Africa (he turned down the head mastership of a leading South African school as he wanted to come back to England to live), is now looking for a job here. And not until he settles down will the Archbishop & Mrs. Fisher decide on a retirement spot. After having their grandchildren at Canterbury for six months they would like to remain near them.

SOUND OF NOSTALGIA

The last of the Rodgers & Hammerstein musicals was a memorable first night for those who wanted to be nostalgic. Gathered at the Palace Theatre to listen to the bubbling and inconsequential *Sound of Music* was an assortment of people: the Earl of Rosebery, Mr. & Mrs. Edward Sutro, Mr. Bryan Hemming (recently returned from California), Mrs. Fleur Cowles Meyer, and Mr. Norman Hartnell.

The night beforehand there was a preview of the musical, a benefit for King George's Fund for Sailors. Again a full house. Viscount & Viscountess Simon were there, and Rear-Admiral & Mrs. A. L. P. Mark-Wardlaw, Mrs. L. F. E. Wieler (wife of the Governor of the Tower) and the Dowager Countess Jellicoe.

UNIVERSITY CROQUET

Cambridge won the first of an annual series v Oxford at Hurlingham



Mr. Hume Hargreave, of Merton, strikes for Oxford



Cambridge players Mr. Richard Nelson and Mr. Roger Green

PHOTOGRAPHS: PHILIP TOWNSEND



Mr. & Mrs. L. G. Lilly, from New Zealand, and Mr. Eric Bullock. The Croquet Association hopes to be able to send a team there next year



Mr. Arthur Reid, who led Cambridge to victory



Vice-Admiral (Eng.) Sir Harold Brown



Mrs. Alexander Karmel, a member of the Croquet Association

Keep on keeping your eye on the papers and you soon will be reading once again about a fine young woman who has given £5,000, her jewellery, and her hand in marriage to a professional crook who said he was a big shot in the Intelligence Service. This happens several times annually, in between the unmasking of British spies who were really Russian spies all the time, and the interception of illicit parcels in the Waterloo Road. In a recent case, some fool of a magistrate asked the belatedly apprehended crook why he had claimed to be a member of Intelligence, or (as it is usually called in such circumstances) the Secret Service. Well, doesn't a magistrate ever ask himself what he would say he was if he chanced to find himself, with nothing but the clothes he stood up in and a stolen motor-car, in urgent need of impressing and alluring some girl to the point where she was going to hand over £5,000 and the jewels?

A man who explains his lack of visible employment by stating that he is a dentist on vacation, or an unjustly defrocked priest may win credence for his story. But he will always be pipped at the post by the cool-eyed stranger (beneath whose almost lethargic manner one senses an inner alertness and stored reserves of magnetic energy) who says: "Pardon me, Madam, I'm from the Secret Service."

In the course of my life I have known several members of several Secret Services and, though yielding to no man in my admiration of their alertness and energy, I can think of none that I would willingly have let out of my sight with a loan so much as £5. But, as the police records show, women react differently.

High and high water were indeed what seemed to become one afternoon in the West Country a couple of years ago to an oft-jailed professional known in criminal circles as Ricky the Ritz. In the case of Sir Donald Dunbar, of the Secret Service, he was taking an estimated £20,000 worth of girl for a spin through glorious Devon in his stolen Jaguar. I personally met this operator a few weeks later at a hunt ball where he tangled gaily enough with the carefree throng, but had a faraway look in his eyes. It suggested to those who had been told in confidence—and who hadn't?—about him being approximately Number Three man in the Secret Service, that he was thinking about the spy centre at Beirut. He was actually thinking what a lot of jewellery there was floating around the dance floor, but nobody knew that until a week or so afterwards when he was pinched with some of it in his handsome briefcase.

Anyway, on this Devon jaunt the girl said: "Oh Donald, do let's stop a minute and watch those wonderful light effects on that heather, those tors, and the viridescent gleam, as of living malachite, betraying that just beneath lurks and oozes the sinister bog, grave of many a traveller strayed from the beaten track."

He said: "Anything you say, my dearest darling girl." Hardly had he brought the car to a halt when the view of heather, tors and bog

was seen to be animated by a number of human figures with pickaxes and other implements on their shoulders, broad arrows on their clothing, and an armed guard in charge of them. The party, returning apparently from toil in the quarries, passed close to the car and two of its

UNDERCOVER UNDERTONES

*There's more for the Secret Service
inquiry to look into than mere bungling*

by Claud Cockburn

members, their faces lighting up with happy recognition, started to wave at the driver. "Hiya, Ricky," they shouted, together with some coarse jocularities relative to the girl.

Questioned later by the police—who were cynical enough to wonder whether she was not after all the man's conscious accomplice—she was asked whether this incident at Dartmoor had not struck her as bizarre. Had she questioned him about the meaning of this encounter?

Certainly she had. She had said, in so many words: "Donald, those men seem to *know* you. Are they friends of yours? But they can't be, they're convicts."

Ricky the Ritz, keeping his head despite what must have been a disconcerting experience, did his shrug and his half-sad, half-whimsical smile, putting his foot down on the accelerator at the same time. "Ah," he said, "my work takes me into many dark places and amid strange companions. Many a time I have supped with dangerous criminals who thought me one of themselves and called me 'brother.' " Then he told her about a thing he said had happened in Tangier.

"If those convicts," he said, "were to guess, even now, who I really am. . . ." Whereat he shrugged again and looked so noble and imperilled that before they were off the moor she had agreed to marry him by special licence. She did that, and a few weeks later actually went to his trial at the Old Bailey because she thought that at the last moment his Chief, head of the Secret Service, would appear in court and, in a few crisp sentences, inform them all that they had arrested the wrong man. Nothing of that kind happened, and she didn't even get into the court because there were four previous wives of Ricky the Ritz ahead of her in the queue.

He will be at liberty again in a couple of years or so, and it's a mathematical certainty that within a month or two afterwards some girl is

going to be driving through the glorious Scottish Highlands with magnetic Colonel Roger Pendragon, V.C., M.C., D.S.O., and she will remark, solicitously, how pale he looks. He smiles whimsically and says: "Yes . . . I'm still not used to seeing the blessed sun and God's blue sky instead of the four walls of a cell. Prison," he says, with a shudder which even his steely control cannot wholly suppress, "can be . . . rather ghastly." Then he talks to her about prison, only omitting to tell her that the dungeon he refers to which she assumes is Moscow's dreaded Lubyanka, where he has been incarcerated as a result of carelessness on the part of a Secret Service subordinate, is actually Wormwood Scrubs. Inflamed by the thought of his heroism and suffering, she marries him by special licence and lends him £5,000 for a purpose which the Code of the Service does not permit him to reveal.

The girls at least enjoy, for a week or two, the heady illusion of being legally married to a glamour-man who, if moody at breakfast, is so only because he is concentrating on the next secret move in the Cold War. The people left holding the dirty end of the stick are fellows who really are in the Intelligence Service. Then, in some last extremity, they find themselves forced to seek the aid of a brave and patriotic English girl. As any book-reader knows, this situation is common enough. There is a particularly fine story by Dornford Yates in which a beautiful English girl of this type smuggles the principal British agent in South Germany across the Swiss frontier about half an hour ahead of the Gestapo. Here is a lovely and patriotic English girl, with hair that reminds us of a ripe Kentish cornfield, musing in her hotel room in Z, neutral capital where spies of all nations (except the British—who employ only Agents) ply their dangerous trade. Up the drainpipe, over the balcony and into the room bounds X, senior British Agent for the area, with a pack of enemy spies almost on his heels. Agent X announces his identity and says: "Only you, Madam, can save me—me and information in my possession vital for the safety of your country and mine."

He thinks she will immediately respond by dragging him into the bedroom, locking the door behind them, and foiling the enemy spies by yelling to them that they can't come in because she's on her honeymoon and there's nobody with her but her husband. Unfortunately, 50 per cent of girls nowadays look the man over and say: "Secret Service, eh? So where's the whimsical magnetism? You'd never pass the Entrance Board."

The other 50 per cent say: "Who d'you think you're kidding, smarty? Secret Service pshaw! Next thing I'll be you'll try to persuade me to go through a bogus form of marriage with you and lend you £5,000. Get back over that balcony before I call the house detective."

This type of attitude among girls would explain why the Secret Service seems to have been getting the wrong type lately.

CHELSEA IN BLOOM



Mr. & Mrs. J. R. St.G. Stead.

*Mrs. Derek Dunnett
(actress Peggy Cummins)*



*Miss F. Smith (top) and Mrs.
D. G. Fletcher and Mrs. Rosewall*

Miss Jenifer Wontner



*Mr. R. H. Giltrap, over
from Dublin*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COWAN

Mrs. Christmas Humphreys, wife of the Q.C.



PARIS IN LONDON

... at the May Fair Hotel where a show of Boussac cottons by French couturiers raised funds for polio research



Adam Faith sang after the show

Lady Melchett, committee chairman



Lady James Crichton-Stuart, one of the committee, with Mrs. Reresby Sitwell

The Maharajah & Maharanee of Jaipur

Left: Countess Bathurst & Lord Melchett

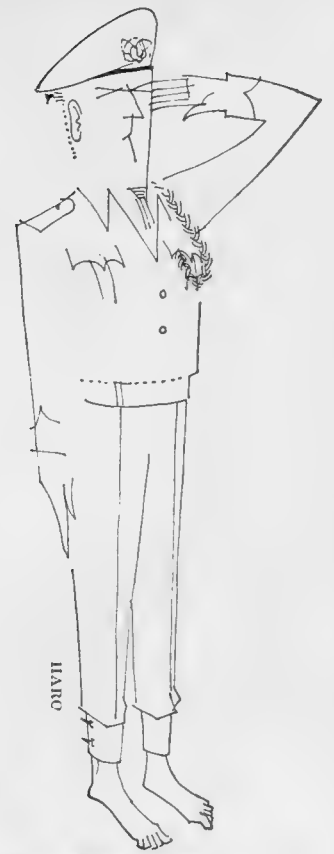


Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Mavroleon



CAN WE STOP THE SERVICES SLIPPIN

Recruiting figures, it appears, are giving cause for anxiety. The Government's target totals for the Armed Forces of the Crown seem unlikely to be achieved. There is even talk of having to restore conscription. Higher pay has been tried. Home comforts are being hustled. Advertising agencies have been called in. Despite all this the adventurous young man of the atomic age would rather go into the Civil Service. I think I know why. If the posters and pamphlets put out by the recruiting offices are anything to go by, he might just as well be going into the Civil Service. Comfortable working conditions . . . regular rises . . . an early pension . . . chances to learn skills for use when he returns to civilian life (but surely he shouldn't *want* to?). . . . In my opinion this just isn't the right brand image. I wouldn't want a son of mine to find this sort of thing inspiring. Now that the Services have gone democratic, surely the thing to harp on is that every ambitious fellow can earn the Queen's commission, and what a glamorous life that means! Rather than "Postal worker is an Army trade that covers all the skilled employments of the Post Office," why not tell of steady-eyed flying officers holding in their strong brown hands the fate of nations while they point out to Downing Street and the White House the Only Way Out of a tricky situation? Or even of brilliant clipped-voice lieutenants issuing improvised orders that save Somewhere-on-Sea from destruction by the annual autumn floods? This might at least make a career in the Services seem glamorous to girls, and wasn't this always supposed to be one of the big pulls of getting into uniform? The kind of thing I have in mind is demonstrated overleaf—in strip form of course, for the whole idea is to get contemporary. . . .



G.P.

*a Royal Tournament week
look at the growing
disinclination of younger
sons to take up
the career so long
expected of them—
and the problem of
filling the gap*

Script: MARY MACPIERSON

Cartoons: ROBERT HAMILTON

Royal Navy: TIM PLAYS IT COOL



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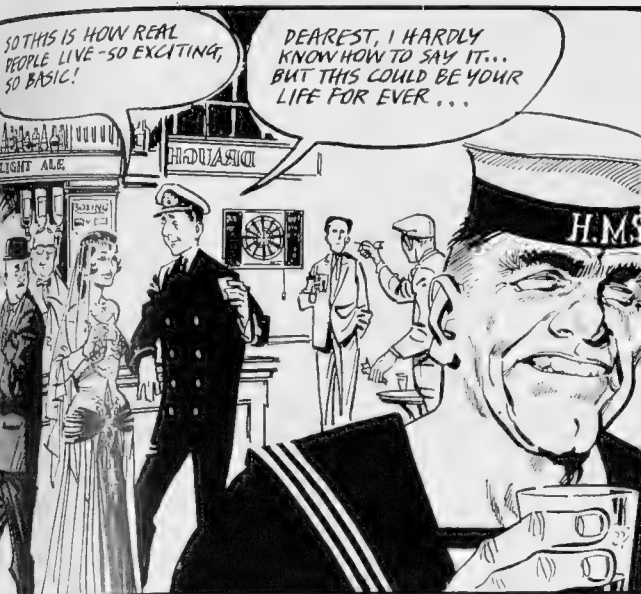
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CAN WE STOP THE SERVICES SLIPPING? *continued*

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My Derby credentials

LORD KILBRACKEN

I CONFIDENTLY expect—or, to be a little bit more accurate, I earnestly hope—that the Derby will be won at Epsom this afternoon by the Irish colt, Mr. Joe McGrath's Time Greine, and I choose Dual and Neanderthal to be second and third. If anyone questions my qualifications as a tipster, I feel I can hardly do better than to describe what happened when I went racing in Russia, at the Moscow Hippodrome, just over three years ago.

With me I took my interpreter, a nearly-pretty, tweedy girl in her early 20s, named Valia. She was a most helpful friend and companion during the fortnight I spent in the Soviet Union. It is sometimes imagined by people who haven't been there that one's interpreter is provided to be a constant spy and shadow. This was certainly not so with Valia: I could go anywhere alone if I preferred, but if, as frequently happened, I felt her services would be useful, I dialled a special number and Valia would materialize like a genie a few minutes later. She would clearly be indispensable on a Russian racecourse, so I dialled the number.

She had never, she told me, been to the races before, and I felt—though she didn't say as much—that she rather disapproved of the way I'd chosen of passing the afternoon. She would have been happier, I think, if I had wanted to visit the Kremlin, or the museums, or the Lenin-Stalin mausoleum (all of which, in due course, we did visit together). It isn't for an interpreter to argue, however, and we were soon in a Zim taxi heading for the racecourse, which, like Ally Pally, is almost in the city. When we arrived, it was pleasant to discover that my afternoon's racing, betting apart, would cost absolutely nothing; not only do Intourist visitors have unlimited free use of Intourist taxis, but one's free sightseeing vouchers, which are really intended for more cultural pursuits, can be used to secure admission to the Russian version of Tatt's.

Even without them, admission would have cost us only the equivalent of three shillings each—about a twentieth of what it will cost me at Epsom this afternoon.

It was a brilliantly clear, blue-skied day, the prelude to the first frost of the winter that night, and of the first snow next morning. The galloping season had just ended and all the races would be "trots." We found we had missed the first four, but there were twelve on the programme, at intervals of 20 minutes, so I still had all the time in the world to lose my money. There weren't many at the track—almost all were men, in black hats and black overcoats—and all seemed intent on one thing and one only: making money. This, however, is a not uncommon characteristic of racegoers everywhere.

With its peeling yellow paint and its crumbling, ornamented decorations, the grandstand seemed to belong to the last century, as though it hadn't been painted, or changed in

any way, since before the Revolution—which was probably true. Valia went off to get race-cards and I had a quick look around. A homing instinct at once showed me where the totalisator was located (needless to say, there are no book-makers in Russia). I saw in a small paddock to one side, virtually ignored by everyone, the horses being paraded which would contest the next race. In front of the grandstand was the oval dirt-track, 1,600 metres long, beyond which rose the grey skyscrapers of Moscow.

I must admit that I felt a little hopeless when I scanned my Russian race-card, which stated that the races, like everything else that week, were in honour of the Anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution. I had only just managed to learn even the alphabet—well, most of the capital letters anyway. However, Valia was helpful: not only did she translate the parts that mattered, but also, at my pressing request, she approached a group of obviously in-the-know racegoers and asked them for a tip.

They at once informed us that the winner of the next race would be a horse called KOHTAKT, which is pronounced Contact and *means* Contact. I asked Valia to stake 10 roubles for me; she didn't really approve of betting, but I could tell that it fascinated her, and she joined the long queue at the tote rather as though she were lining up for opium. She presented me with my voucher, which resembled an English railway ticket, and we climbed into the grandstand to watch the race: Contact, I regret to say, was much too soon *out* of contact, and came last rather easily.

Then my luck changed. In each of the next two races, our knowledgeable friends obligingly gave us the winner: first Priyatel, meaning Good Friend, which won by 20 lengths and therefore *was* a good friend, and then Vyeshka, meaning Watchtower, which won by nearly half-a-furlong. It did rather take the gilt off the gingerbread, however, that they paid 10-3 on, and 5-1 on, respectively.

I was now about quits, and I decided, in the following race, to support a hunch of my own. I noticed, with little amazement (for anything can happen in the Soviet Union), that one of the riders was a rather buxom girl: she was Jockey Second-Class Olga Burdova, the race-card informed me, as translated by Valia. For reasons of chivalry, I took a chance on Olga, staking my maximum of 20 roubles—rather less than a pound. Olga got the better of an exciting finish with Master-Jockey Popoff (that really *was* his name) and I collected to my delight more than five times my stake.

That was my last winner, but we only stayed for a couple more races, and I was 87 roubles to the good on balance when we left. I'd backed three Russian winners in my three Russian races; if I can pick them there, and come away with a profit from the state-run tote, it should surely be child's play to name the first three at Epsom.

match pointers

Court dressmaker to tennis is Teddy Tinling who made some of his first Wimbledon outfits for Suzanne Lenglen. His clothes for the 1961 season are again in the championship class as this choice, photographed by Norman Eales, proves

Tinling makes wide use of man-made fibres. The dress on the left is of cotton piqué mixed with Terylene. Circular skirt is trimmed with scallops of Terylene torchon lace. Pale blue nylon taffeta for the lining. From Gordon Lowe, S.W.3; Lillywhites, Edinburgh, 14 gns. Terylene mixed with heavy off-white linen prevents creasing, makes pleats permanent in the dress (far left) with hemstitch embroidery on the bodice and circling the waist. From Gordon Lowe, S.W.3; Kendal Milne, Manchester, price 11 gns.



CONCLUDED
match pointers



Low backed, low waisted white cotton piqué for the two dresses on this page. The sporty shape (left) is belted with lilac faggoting below the waist. Only at Lillywhites, London and Edinburgh. Net play on the low waist of the dress (above) which has lace slotted with lemon ribbon running around the hip line. At Lillywhites, London; Harveys, Guildford; Bentalls, Kingston; Cavendish House, Cheltenham. Both cost £6 12s. 6d. approx.



Pleats, pleats swing (above) from a low, lilac gingham-slotted waist on a pure white Terylene dress. Gingham again round the buttonholes. At Moss Bros., Covent Garden; Dalys, Glasgow; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Joshua Taylor, Cambridge (£9 10s.). The side-kicking pleats (right) add ease to a white Terylene and cotton mixture dress. At Simpsons; Harveys, Guildford; R. G. Pilch, Norwich; Kendal Milne, Manchester (£8 18s. 6d.). After-tennis heavy knit Orlon cardigan has an orange rim; can only be bought from Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade (£7 15s.)





Vidal Sassoon registers changes in fashion climates like a super-sensitive barometer. A hairdo by him has rather the same effect as buying something new that's fun to wear and made to be noticed. No half-foot-forward for him. That's why his styles sit best on the sleek heads of model girls, but others not so blessed by good looks could find a riveting change in beauty outlook with the subtle addition of a Sassoon hair shape. Mostly his clients are young and dashing, with a penchant for the smooth and smart which describes the hairdo he's busy cutting out in the picture. It is an American one from his recent trip and illustrates the current preoccupation with deep fringes. His autumnal plans are for a sans-fringe shape with hair strictly back from the forehead and bobbed at the back. Current colours are blonde and chifony and there's a strong hint of brown towards autumn. Vidal Sassoon has built up his business in five years flat to considerable repute. Away from his brushes and combs he's still with it—likes his fast, traffic-lights-red sports car, water-skiing and theatres

PHOTOGRAPHS: BARRY WARNER

Scissor speculation from René—the name that drops from the lips of some of the most fashionable women in London and Paris. His clientele carry crocodile handbags, come up from the country, fly in by plane, pop in from across the road, drive up to the door and even wait, uncomplaining, for one of his dashing hairdos. While we were there, Alla from Dior wanted him to build her a bombé chignon (the model girls at Dior like close-fitting sides swinging slowly into height); Lady Rootes wanted a brush-out before flying to America. He coped with both with unflustered charm. And posed for us in between





French of London with a French hairdo stamped with the famous French touch. His talent is original (one of the first to think of coupling fashion and hair) and he is currently grappling with the promotion of hair moving back from the forehead and on to the face with bangs on to the cheeks. Not completely out on a limb though, because the perilous swings in hair fashion could make a snap change at collection time. He is intrigued with the ribboned coiffure and has flat bows springing off ribbony headbands for day, de luxe jewelled efforts for evening. Also available at his sleek Cork Street salon are swatches of contrasting hair shades that mingle with the hair and come on a card in varying lengths

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Some say they are too expensive. Others have complaints about the time it takes or the short life of a hairdo. But most admit they couldn't manage without a weekly appointment with their scissor man in W.1, S.W.1 & S.W.7. Of this concentrated clan, René alone can claim any strong influence beyond the English Channel—he did Nina Ricci's models' hair for the Collections. Usually, the scissor men move out of camera range the moment before the shutter clicks; today the lens focuses on them rather than the models who display their talents.

MEET THE

SCISSOR MEN

John of Knightsbridge (and Thurloe Place) is busy cutting a way for himself into some of the smartest appointment books in London. This summer he would like to see airy fringes brushed at an angle across the forehead (light relief from curtain-heavy fringes) with a neat, slightly longer line at the back with sides brushed back across the ears. John is far removed from the mass-produced concept of a hairdresser as a faintly flashy extrovert. He might have been anyone's doctor, or lawyer or . . . but to everyone's advantage he does hair in S.W.1 & S.W.7





Presenting hats that put the top on the season—hand-made by Otto Lucas and his design team and photographed by Norman Eales with notes on where to buy them

TOPS FOR ASCOT

and for next month's Royal Wedding



White berry net turban (*opposite*) has the surprise of crimson satin ribbon. At Fortnum & Mason; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells. Picking up the red: garnet ear-rings from Presents of Dover Street, price: 4 gns. Average price of a Lucas hat is about 10 gns.

Milk white stitched silk shantung hat with a flat bow sheltering under the brim. At Debenhams & Freebody; Samuels, Manchester; Marshall & Snelgrove, Scarborough and York. Picking up the white: Baroque pearl ear-rings from Presents, price: £1 15s. 6d.



White and caramel crowned straw breton (*top right*) has caramel straw lining the white brim. At Fortnum & Mason; Samuels, Manchester. Picking up the brown-gold tones: gilt domed ear-rings from Presents, price: £1 10s. 6d.

TOPS FOR ASCOT

CONCLUDED

Prettiest pill-box of the season (*right*) is in white satin covered with shell pink silk chiffon and has a cluster of pale pink silk roses shading to white at the nape of the neck. A cloud of pink net veils the face. From Dickins & Jones, Regent St., W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Harrogate. The multi-coloured leaf ear-rings come from Presents, Dover Street, cost 6 gns.



Layer on layer of black silk tulle makes this hat with a tiered brim and upstanding crown giving a broadened line to the head. It is trimmed with a band of black ciré satin ribbon that ties in a bow at the back. From Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.1; Samuels, Manchester; Marshall & Snelgrove, Scarborough and York. The pearl and amethyst cluster necklace comes from Presents, Dover Street, Piccadilly, costs 10 gns.



A Breton with a difference—the upturned brim of this hat in light navy Baku straw is faced with layers of gathered matching silk tulles. From Dickins & Jones, Regent St., W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, York. Gilt ear-rings from Presents, Dover St., W.1.

Wide-brimmed hat of red pedal straw with appliquéd red silk poinsettias. A swathing of red tulle covering the entire hat gives it a coolie effect. From Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham. The coral and glass bunch ear-rings at Presents, Dover St., W.1, cost £1 5s.



For the face with perfect features the severe pill-box of pleated white silk organza (*above*) has for its sole trimming a small bow of white Petersham at the back of the head. From Harrods, Knightsbridge; Badleys, Belfast. Baroque pearl ear-rings from Presents, Dover St., W.1. Price, £1 15s. 6d.

New from individualists



Three new shapes at the Continental Glass Shop, a pocket of style on the Euston Road. Mrs. Saunders has been proving her eye for elegance there for more than four years. Not only tableware, but plain and coloured crystal artware, is included in her magnificent displays. Those shown are from Sweden and Denmark; goblet on its heavy base is £3 11s. 6d. for half-a-dozen; jug, £1 14s. 6d; beer mug, 22s. 9d.



New shop, new ways with lighting; Lumière at 32 Crawford Street, Baker Street. John Francis and Michael Sherren, experts in the subtle and the sophisticated, like to specialize in chandeliers but will convert vases, figures, old ceiling lights into handsome pieces. They offer a varied collection of antique lamps and furniture. Shades to order from 30s. This porcelain Chinese dog is mounted with ormolu roses; one of a pair, hand-painted shades; 60 gns.

Moving with the times, The Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Company (formed in 1775) has just produced this ovenproof breakfast or luncheon ware. Coffee cup and saucer 11s. 6d.; coffee pot £2 3s. 3d.; meat plate 9s. 6d.; small plate 6s. 6d. In their Old Bond Street showrooms, look at the Flora Danica china services, each piece hand painted with a different and botanically accurate flower. Made to special order only—may take four years to complete.



Intelligence report:

John Perring's Bedding Centre has just moved round the corner to Sloane Street. The plate glass front allows beds, furniture, carpets and textiles to be seen in true daylight. Further example of forethought in this enlightened centre is a made-to-measure mattress service, either postal or on-the-spot. The customer fills in a special card with detailed measurements.



Latest idea for an eye-arresting table decoration—a two-tier cut crystal *bonbonnière* mounted with ormolu. Designed by Susan Bendon of Halcyon Days, Brook Street, it exemplifies her favourite combination of materials, and costs £5 15s. She designs herself because, she claims, there is a lack of practical but pretty objects to decorate the home. The shop is full of her original and highly sophisticated ideas.

AT REGULAR intervals the English get what one can only describe as A Thing about a particular composer. They become suddenly and inexplicably so obsessed by his music that more of it is played in this country than at any time before—for a year or two. Then they get A Thing about somebody else. I was rather hoping that, in the absence of a genuine and permanent revival of his music, last week's new production of *La Vie Parisienne* at Sadler's Wells might have started A Thing about Offenbach, until I realized that it will need more than the Wells' two safe swallows—*Orpheus in the Underworld* last year and *La Vie Parisienne* this—to make an Offenbach summer. It may well be the beginning of a revival of a composer who was the mainstay of the musical stage in Victorian and Edwardian England—who knows? But at the present rate of striking it will be A.D. 2057 before we get through his total output of 98 operettas.

Perhaps if an idea of Dame Maggie Teyte's before the war to put on Offenbach's *Robinson Crusoe* had come to anything it might have started something; especially as the part of Man Friday is sung by a soprano and would have been so nicely in keeping with English pantomime traditions. As it is, we are no nearer to our hoped-for revival than we were when Evelyn Laye was Helen in A. P. Herbert's version of *La Belle Hélène* at the Adelphi 29 years ago. A professional revival, that is; amateur operatic societies are commendably devoted to the music of one of the gayest, wittiest and most tuneful composers who ever lived.

As so often before, however, English musical life is already busy enough with A Thing (or two) without bringing Offenbach into it. It should be explained that when the English have A Thing about a composer it does not necessarily mean that he is a good one. Equally, it does not mean that those composers about whom there isn't A Thing, or whose unprecedented popularity as A Thing comes to an end, are bad composers.

In the course of the past 30 years or so there have been several quite spectacular instances of composers suddenly and unaccountably becoming the popular favourites of a nationwide Thing and as suddenly and unaccountably becoming the unmourned victims of a nationwide change in taste. I would not say that Bach is altogether a neglected composer in these times (the Third Programme sees to that), but nobody who did not live through the Bach Boom of the 1920s can really appreciate the comparative peace of modern musical life and what it means to enjoy the fifth Freedom—Freedom from Fugue.

It was not just that the public appetite for all-Bach programmes in the concert hall was insatiable. The B.B.C. in the first flush of its enthusiasm as a Do-Gooder swamped the air with Bach in a series called "The Foundations of Music" which rapidly achieved the dubious distinction of becoming a music hall joke. These programmes seemed to be endlessly wading through the 201 Sacred Cantatas of Bach, and they succeeded in alienating a whole generation of potential, openminded listeners, building up in them a fierce resistance against anything labelled "Chamber Music" or carrying an Opus number. Over the years the B.B.C. has certainly played its part in developing musical appreciation; but it has never entirely repaired the

damage done by those daily Foundations of Music.

After Bach came the Thing about Sibelius, whose music not only filled the programmes but also considerably affected our native composers in the 1930s—Walton and Vaughan Williams among them. The popularity of Sibelius (which spread from here to the United States) was perhaps a little too good to last. His highly individual idiom came as a refreshing antidote to the Teutonic influence which had dominated so much of English musical life from early Victorian times, but it proved to be no more than a strange interlude. As Delius prophesied with uncanny foresight at the time: "Now it's Sibelius, and when they're tired of him they'll boost up Mahler." And that is just what they are doing.

Scarcely a decade ago Mahler was regarded in this country as a bore whose music was mysteriously held in the highest esteem in Germany and Austria, but was mercifully not for export. And the same went for Bruckner, another Austrian who wrote interminable symphonies for home consumption. Now we are in the midst of A Thing about both composers and back in the old German groove again. And for good measure the English have suddenly become awe-stricken by the music of Richard Strauss as well.

Vaughan Williams called Strauss a composer of "beer garden music" and was severely rapped over the knuckles for it by the same elderly critics who had unanimously described it in much the same terms 20 years previously. But then the critics, of course, are notoriously not only more liable to get A Thing about a composer than even the public; they are a hundred times more unpredictable and contradictory in their whims and fancies. You will see more somersaults in the musical press than you will at the circus.

It is in the nature of A Thing that it should be spectacular. The really important and lasting developments in public taste, on the other hand, often go unnoticed. In the course of a generation the whole attitude of the English to the music of Verdi and Berlioz, for instance, has changed; it is accepted and appreciated as never before in our history. It may seem hard to believe, but in fact it is not so long ago that Verdi's *Otello* and *Falstaff* were box-office poison at Covent Garden, and Berlioz was generally known by little more than the Hungarian March. Which is why Sir Thomas Beecham characteristically persevered with those two particular Verdi operas during London's prewar Grand Seasons, and devoted himself obstinately to the performance of as many of Berlioz's works as he could lay hands on.

It would be too much to say that Beecham was responsible for the position Verdi occupies in the public's esteem and affections today, or even for the growing interest in Berlioz (Hamilton Harty and the Hallé did as much for that as anybody). But I must say one looks around anxiously among impresarios and conductors for somebody who will keep alive his spirit of non-conformism and see that Things don't get out of hand. Beecham was certainly not above having A Thing about certain composers himself; no conductor ever is. But he was perpetually agin' the Establishment of musical life in this country; and particularly against that Teutonomania which bit the English throughout the 19th century and which has begun to bite them again in the 1960's. With any luck, though, it may all turn out to be just A Thing this time.



Every
composer
has
his
day



The satirists of *Beyond The Fringe* make an advertising film. Cameraman, Alan Bennett; models, Dudley Moore, Jonathan Miller & Peter Cook

IMELD BLAKE

VERDICTS

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

Beyond The Fringe. Fortune Theatre. (Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore.)

A slight case of delirium

IT WILL NOT HAVE ESCAPED THE notice of the four ironically observant young men till recently undergraduates, that their revue at the Fortune Theatre has somewhat ludicrously strained the critics' vocabulary of commendation. This vocabulary, as applied to revue, usually works serviceably enough. "Delightful," "agreeable," "pleasant," "lively," "intelligent," "witty"—such epithets are commonly used without much sense of sinning against critical honour to save the labour and pain of pointing out that between the latest revue and its half-a-dozen predecessors there is not a pin to choose. Naturally it is something of a shock to be confronted in *Beyond The*

Fringe with a revue that is really intelligent, really witty and really funny.

The obvious temptation is recklessly to jettison the whole vocabulary and proclaim, as has been done, that this revue begins a new theatrical epoch and that henceforth British revue will never be again as we have known it. This is indeed to gild the gold. Mr. Alan Bennett, Mr. Peter Cook, Mr. Jonathan Miller, and Mr. Dudley Moore are mighty fine clowns and their show beyond question is both witty and funny. But Mr. Michael Flanders and Mr. Donald Swann in *At The Drop Of A Hat* were just as witty and, perhaps, a little funnier. In any case, there have been many distinguished revues over the years, and I don't remember that any of them had the slightest effect on the "delightful," "agreeable" and "pleasant" run-of-the-mill article, which goes on being produced because it is exactly what a sizeable public wants.

This is in no way to belittle the work of these young men. They get along without girls, without bright lights and without colour. They wear dark casuals against an unnecessarily dingy built-up background. Yet thus handicapped, they go through a series of exercises in sophisticated denigration which

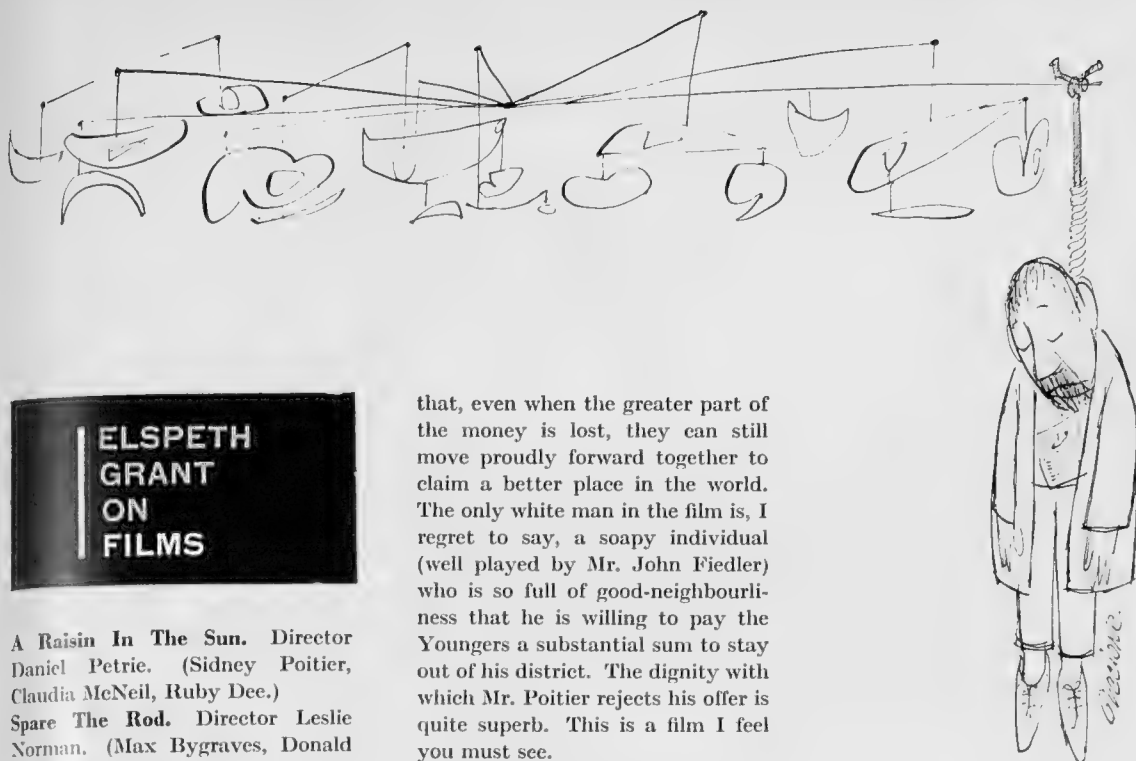
can honestly be said hardly ever to fail of the intended effect, and we are kept continuously hooting with laughter.

Another critical injustice they have suffered is the suggestion that their humour is somehow linked up politically with the Left Wing sympathies of the new young dramatists. It seems to me that they are singularly free from any recognizable principles. They are satirists who naturally stand outside the society it is their business to ridicule. They are as likely to make a butt of those who protest against the manufacture of the H-bomb as they are to take the skin off those who see the bomb as the brightest hope of mankind. Mr. Macmillan is Prime Minister, and as head of the Establishment he properly attracts many of the political barbed arrows that are flying about. Besides, Mr. Cook happens to find the Macmillan mannerisms irresistible, especially in demonstrating how they might be used to excuse parsimony by a matey appeal from one Scottish old-age pensioner to another.

The truth is that though many of the subjects chosen by these young clowns are political their real interest is in satire. When they feel it their duty to make Mr. Dudley Moore, whom they suspect to be a Communist, utter rude noises at

the mention of Mr. K. Schey's name, and Mr. Moore by some odd mishap teaches them that there is more pleasure to be got by making rude noises at the mention of Mr. Macmillan's, non-commitment can go no further. Laughter is what they are after, and they get it. As when Mr. Miller is accused by his companions of being a Jew he can explain "I'm not a Jew. I'm Jewish. I don't go the whole hog"; and Jew-baiters and Jews in the audience are equally well pleased.

Like all true satirists they are ready at any moment to flay anyone alive. But they are just as funny when collectively they set out to show with what preposterous flourishes and smacking of lips a group of men go through the motions of inviting one another to have a drink. The most brilliant individual performances are perhaps Mr. Alan Bennett's blandly vacuous sermon, and Mr. Moore's performance on the piano of a powerful piece of music which takes the bit between its teeth and makes it impossible for the pianist to pull it up to a halt. The most natural clown of the quartet is certainly Mr. Miller and much of the subtlest fun comes from him; but may it be suggested respectfully that his wonderfully comic gestures would benefit by a little discipline?



There are, though, some first-class acts—including one involving 12 very cross polar bears.

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON BOOKS

Sammy Going South, by W. H. Canaway. (Hutchinson, 15s.)

A Sense Of Values, by Sloan Wilson. (Cassell, 18s.)

Has Anybody Seen My Father?, by Harrison Kinney. (Longmans, 16s.)

Confessions Of A Spent Youth, by Vance Bourjaily. (W. H. Allen, 18s.)

Some Other Time, by Hollis Alpert. (Reinhardt, 15s.)

Boy-country & No-man's-land

IN A BOOK THAT could have been gimmicky or sentimental or souped-up with any number of singing strings in the background, **Sammy Going South**, the author, W. H. Canaway, never puts a foot wrong. It's a simple, dangerous-journey adventure-story, with the one big difference that the adventurer is a small boy of 10, orphaned during Suez and in search of his only available relative, an aunt 6,000 miles away in Durban.

Sammy sets off alone, and resolutely stays alone except for a succession of chance travelling companions, some friendly, some eager for a reward. The child is heard of from time to time, then vanishes again. Time looms, slow and gigantic, at a child's pace. Some episodes are terrifying with precisely the sharp clarity, curious detail, and grotesque lack of true perspective of a child's vision. Sammy makes no moral judgments on people or situations, merely accepts them as favourable or hostile to his purpose. With cool and intelligent treatment it could make a remarkable film, and for once it is not derogatory to think that this may have been in Mr. Canaway's mind at the time.

Sloan Wilson's **A Sense Of Values** runs on and on and on like an enormous length of quiet, gentlemanly tweed being unrolled in front of one's eyes, discreet and nicely made, with here and there a fleck of interesting colour, but in the long run a stupefying bore. It's one of those themes that seem to obsess America—nice young man gets bravely through the war, marries the pretty girl he first thought of, finds himself a success, comes to realize his children are mixed-up and his wife distraught because getting-on is in some mysterious way a destroyer of

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

A Raisin In The Sun. Director Daniel Petrie. (Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, Ruby Dee.)

Spare The Rod. Director Leslie Norman. (Max Bygraves, Donald Pleasence, Geoffrey Keen.)

The Crossing Of The Rhine. Director André Cayatte. (Charles Aznavour, Georges Riviere, Cordula Trantow.)

The Big Show. Director James B. Clark. (Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson, Nehemiah Persoff.)

modern fable of Chicago

WHILE IT MUST BE ADMITTED THAT it touches on the question of racial discrimination, a splendidly acted film, **A Raisin In The Sun**, based on Miss Lorraine Hansberry's moving play, is not primarily concerned with that problem. It simply tells an uplifting story of human hopes and aspirations—of dreams deferred which, thanks to the courage of the dreamers, are not allowed to "dust up like a raisin in the sun."

The Youngers, a poor Negro family living in a cramped and sunless Chicago flat, are eagerly awaiting the arrival of a cheque for 10,000 dollars—the proceeds of an insurance policy which the late Mr. Younger had taken out and worked himself to death to keep up. To each member of the family the money holds out the prospect of liberation.

The old, widowed mother, a magnificent matriarch (Miss Claudia McNeil), sees it as a means of moving to a better district. Her son (Mr. Sidney Poitier) burns to throw off his chauffeur's uniform and set himself up in business—his wife (Miss Ruby Dee) longs only for security for herself and their little son, while his ambitious young sister (Miss Diana Sands) hopes the money will enable her to become a doctor.

There is bound to be conflict between them—but out of it all the family achieves a closeness so

that, even when the greater part of the money is lost, they can still move proudly forward together to claim a better place in the world. The only white man in the film is, I regret to say, a soapy individual (well played by Mr. John Fiedler) who is so full of good-neighbourliness that he is willing to pay the Youngers a substantial sum to stay out of his district. The dignity with which Mr. Poitier rejects his offer is quite superb. This is a film I feel you must see.

That the L.C.C. schoolteacher's lot is not a happy one, particularly if he finds himself way down in the East End, is made crystal clear by **Spare The Rod**. Mr. Max Bygraves (very good indeed in a perfectly straight part) is a teacher who has the best intentions but little experience. On taking over his new post at Worrell Street School, he is warned by the headmaster, Mr. Donald Pleasence, that he is in for a tough time: "Sad that you should be tired of life at your age," says Mr. P., viewing Mr. B. with the dead eyes of one who has ceased to believe in his profession. According to him, it is impossible to teach the children anything: the best one can do is to keep them quiet.

Mr. Bygraves still approaches his duties as master in charge of the dreaded Second Form in a spirit of optimism. They may be—and, indeed, are—a bunch of 13-year-old delinquents (male and female) beside whom the girls of St. Trinian's would seem angelic, but he is sure that with tact and sympathy he will be able to "get through" to them.

He partially succeeds—but all his good work is undone by Mr. Geoffrey Keen, whose "treat 'em rough" policy inspires in the kids an absolute hatred of all authority—even Mr. Bygraves's. When Mr. Pleasence backs up Mr. Keen in an unwarranted attack on one of Mr. Bygraves's most difficult but promising pupils, Mr. Bygraves angrily protests against the headmaster's injustice. Wearily, Mr. Pleasence explains that after 29 years of teaching he has learned that the staff must, in all circumstances, stick together: as Mr. Bygraves cannot accept this view, he is forced to accept a transfer instead. His one consolation is that he seems to have aroused a certain affection in at least some of the little delinquents:

perhaps in his next job he'll do better.

All the children are remarkably convincing—with really outstanding performances from Master Richard O'Sullivan, as the specially maltreated boy, and Miss Claire Marshall (who looks like Miss Kim Novak in miniature) as the over-sexed girl who lures the unsuspecting Mr. Bygraves to her slum tenement home. The film is not much of an advertisement for our methods of education—but it's well worth seeing.

M. Charles Aznavour, who began his professional career as a singer, has developed into a most sensitive actor whose gift of silent pathos I find extraordinarily appealing. In **The Crossing Of The Rhine**, he plays a mild little baker who is called up for military service at the beginning of the war and is taken prisoner in 1940 and sent to Germany as a farm worker.

Among his fellow-prisoners is a journalist, M. Georges Riviere, with whom he becomes friends. The story covers the experiences of these two men—tells how one, through a despicable trick involving a young girl, escaped and returned to Paris, while the other remained to work uncomplainingly in Germany until the war was over. One found disillusionment—the other happiness. You can guess which. The film, which won a prize at last year's Venice Film Festival, has been beautifully directed by M. André Cayatte—and though it lapses here and there into melodrama, it gives a persuasive impression of life as some lived it in wartime.

Only those with a positive passion for circuses need bother to see **The Big Show**—and even they may find it a little hard to take, as the circus family around whom the unlikely story revolves are as nasty a lot as you could possibly imagine.

domestic concord. There are party scenes, quarrel scenes, discussion scenes, tentative-reconciliation scenes, everything that one has come to expect, and a total absence of the element of surprise.

In the end, as one always knew, the son is reclaimed, and the hero and his estranged wife, politely picking up pieces of smashed crockery in their kitchen that has been wrecked by the boy and some friends, suddenly find the answer. "*Her hair smelled sweet. Her hands told me that she needed me. . .*" Ah well, it's always nice to have a general tidy-up at the end.

Much the same sort of situation crops up in a slightly jazzier, just as lightly readable book called *Has Anybody Seen My Father?* by Harrison Kinney. Here the hero is persecuted not only by the spectre of success but by America's next-favourite form of toothache—women. (We have no reason

to adopt smug attitudes about this: the guilt-of-success theme is with us already, and the only reason women are lagging behind is because that is what is more or less expected of them in English society.) Mr. Kinney's perplexed young man is embattled by women; he works with a magazine designed for them and run by them, and goes home to five more of assorted ages (one of the infant daughters talks phonetically, a thing I find Nature itself cannot endure in print.) Finally resignation from the office takes care of one side of the problem, and a further pregnancy swiftly sorts out the trouble at home. One begins to form the impression it is not much fun for men in America, especially for the honest ones who try their hardest.

Confessions Of A Spent Youth by Vance Bourjaily presents the young American hero while still on the move and the make, as yet

untrammelled by lawfully established female company. His name is Ulysses Snow Davids Quincy, and he tells his own story with what was for me a great deal too much nervous brio and a wealth of words. Not all of them perhaps strictly necessary. From time to time Quincy delivers a shattering nudge to the ribs of the reader—"Old reader, was I one of the great sinners and sufferers in my youth?" In his own opinion, he was "only average," with which I will gladly agree.

The bulk of the book seems to me to be largely concerned with Quincy's peripatetic love-life, but I have the blurb's words for it that this is "*intended to be the definitive novel about the generation too young to be lost and too old to be beat.*" There's real fighting words for you.

Just to complete the picture of our journeying American boy, in *Some Other Time* Hollis Alpert takes him back to the oldest

training-ground of young Americans abroad, Paris, this time just at the end of the last war. The book is about love in relation to an impermanent background, and the narrator, a young officer in the American army awaiting discharge, is conducting a faintly uneasy but high-toned double affair with an astonishingly tedious and neurotic White Russian, and a healthy all-American girl called India.

There is no doubt whatsoever about who is going to get him in the end. "*And I intend for you to be a very good and successful lawyer,*" she said. "*You'll do your job and make money, and look after me and our kids, and not bear grudges, and have fun, and be strong in time of trouble. Because that's the kind of person you are, and you'd better face it.*" Put like that, it's not surprising you get that sort of home-career conflict the other novelists were all going on about.



Marc Chagall, painting & lithographs, O'Hana Gallery

Poet with a paintbrush

A TWO-FACED COCKEREL, CLUTCHING palette and paint brushes, hovers over Paris; a blue-faced cow with a pink parasol dances on the rooftops of a Russian village while a bride and bridegroom make love in her tail; a flying fish plays a violin on top of a pendulum-clock floating high above the Seine—this is the world of Marc Chagall. It is a world that has changed little in half a century and still has the freshness and the sense of wonder of child art.

To try to describe it in words is to make it sound banal, as banal as the deliberately contrived surprises

of Salvador Dali at his worst. Indeed, only a poet could convey in words anything of the magic and mystery that this poet-with-a-paintbrush has been pouring out for a lifetime.

Not since the Tate Gallery's retrospective exhibition of 1948 has there been a better opportunity in this country to experience that magic than the one now provided by Mr. Jacques O'Hana at his gallery off Grosvenor Square. Admission to the gallery is free, but the qualification for entering completely into Chagall's world is a rare one.

Millionaires may buy his pictures (the way the prices of them are going it looks as though *only* millionaires will be able to buy them soon), but beggars and babies are probably better equipped to enjoy them and understand them. It is not that they are difficult pictures, but that we (millionaires and others) are difficult people. Such difficult, complicated people that we cannot conceive of such simplicity as Chagall's.

If we are not suspicious of him we would, at least, like some expert

to explain him, to put labels on him. But all the labels we have used for others won't fit Chagall and, anyway, he has already taken the words out of the experts' mouths and rejected them.

"There are no stories in my pictures," he says, "no fairy tales, no popular legends. I am against the terms 'fantasy' and 'symbolism.'"

Reading his autobiography one quickly realizes that these pictures are memories of things seen, heard and felt in childhood and now recalled by an imagination that is still as untrammelled by mundane logic as that of a child. To him, as to a child, this imaginative world is 'perhaps even more real than the apparent world.'

"I have used cows, milkmaids, roosters and provincial Russian architecture as a source of form," Chagall explains, "because these are a part of the country from which I come; and these things without doubt have left a deeper impression in my visual memory than all the other impressions I have received."

"Every painter is born somewhere; and even if later he responds

to the influences of other surroundings, a certain essence, a certain aroma, of his native land will always remain in his work."

Chagall was born in 1897 in Vitebsk where his father was an assistant in a herring depot and where the young artist was brought up in the strict religious atmosphere of provincial Jewry with its colourful ritual.

From the earliest days the twin influences of Russian and Jewish traditions, superstitions and folklore were at work and his highly impressionable child mind was laying up a store of basic poetic material that is apparently inexhaustible.

Through the perceptiveness and financial help of a Vitebsk artist he was able to go to art school in St. Petersburg. But in 1910 he decided that he needed Paris—"The soil which had nourished the roots of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 540

Opposite: *Chagall's vision of Paris dominated by a rooster is in the O'Hana gallery exhibition. Its title, La Sainte Chapelle*

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VERDICTS *continued*

my art was Vitebsk; but my art needed Paris—like a tree needs water—otherwise it would have withered."

"I arrived in Paris with the thoughts, the dreams, which one can only have at the age of 20; yet perhaps those dreams have stayed with me for a long time. I was inspired by what I saw. But my enthusiasm returned to its starting point. Participating in that unique technical revolution in art in France I returned in thought, in the soul, so to speak, to my own country. I lived as if I were turned back to front."

Perhaps the principal miracle of Chagall is that in spite of participating in that unique technical revolution and learning all it had to offer him he remained completely unfettered by its theories and manifestos and dogmas. He soared above them all as today he soars above the temptations of abstraction yet remains, as surely as Picasso, a major modern master.

The paintings in the O'Hana exhibition date from about 1923, after Chagall had turned his back on Soviet Russia where, during the idealistic early years of the Revolution, he had been Commissar for Fine Arts in his home town. The most recent, *Chèvre au clair de lune sur St. Paul*, was done last year, a year in which his work on stained glass for Rheims Cathedral left him little time for painting easel pictures.

Among the lithographs is a complete set of his illustrations to the Bible and some of the series made for the *Fables* of La Fontaine

and for the *Arabian Nights*. All are as unmistakably stamped with his uniquely personal vision as are the most important of his canvases.

For, more than any other living artist, Chagall paints with his heart. He opens his heart with such innocence and frankness that only by returning the compliment can we hope to break down the barrier that separates his enchanted, and enchanting, world from our disenchanting one.

GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

Work Song, by Nat Adderley

I Love A Piano, by Phineas Newborn

Piano In The Background, by Duke Ellington

Earthy, by Al Cohn

Blue Stompin', by Hal Singer & Charlie Shavers

Percussive Jazz

George Gershwin At The Piano

Nat Adderley's work song

MANY THEMES HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED around the old Negro work song, which evolved into a fundamental ingredient of the blues, but I would hardly have expected it to turn up as the main theme in a record devoted to jazz in the modern

vein. Nat Adderley's mellow cornet tops an unusual front line of guitar (Wes Montgomery), piano (Bobby Timmons), and cello (Sam Jones, Keter Betts), on this session for Riverside **Work song** (RLP 12-318). The music swings well, and there is no striving after effect, despite the sleeve notes' assurance that this is a "new sound." I have listened to jazz long enough now to discount such extravagant claims.

Two contrasting titles from widely differing artists struck me as amusing. Phineas Newborn's **I love a piano** (SCX3370) shows this young artist in the difficult rôle of trying to establish individuality. He has a well-grounded technical backing, but succeeds only in producing some extremely precious sounds on this album. The opposite applies to **Piano in the background** (SBBL611), a typically unassuming title chosen by Duke Ellington for his imaginative selection of revivals. The titles range from his early compositions, *Rockin' in rhythm* and *It don't mean a thing*, to one of his most recent, *What am I here for*. Excitement prevails throughout, with Duke pulling something new out of the bag in every piece, and the band backing him up to the full. The moral seems to be that, despite the ever-changing fashion which haunts the jazzman's activities, maturity will always back experience to produce the best and most lasting music.

Then I found myself listening to Al Cohn's **Earthy** (32-120), an album fortified by the alto of Hal McKusick and trumpet of Art Farmer. There are good solos by all, especially guitarist Kenny Burrell, but the

ensemble strikes me as being too tight, with heavily accented unison work dominated by the leader's tenor. I was much more excited by **Blue stompin'** (32-122), an album of hard hitting solos, backed by a splendid rhythm section, featuring trumpeter Charlie Shavers, once the mainstay of the John Kirby band and later featured soloist with Tommy Dorsey. This record also serves as an introduction to a remarkably uninhibited tenorman, Hal Singer, who has worked with such name bands as Jay McShann, Ellington, and Lucky Millinder. One could say that this music is carved straight out of the rock on which mainstream jazz stands. Certainly the rhythm section, with Ray Bryant at the piano, knows its job, and some of the exchange sequences between the lead horns are soul-stirring, especially in *Midnight*.

If you ever want to cast aspersions on the value or effect of stereo sound reproduction for jazz, take care that you first hear **Percussive jazz** (DFS7002), one of Audio Fidelity's new albums which claims to be "doctored for super-stereo". The claim is modest, in that the relatively dull music assumes an entirely new character in this special treatment, and the overall picture is one of a band exposed under the audible equivalent of X-ray.

In closing, I want to mention a record of some historical interest, **George Gershwin at the piano** (EMB3315). All the tracks were recorded by the composer except the piano roll sequence of *Rhapsody in blue*. Gershwin made few records, and this seems to be by far the best I have heard.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

A private view

Albert Adair

WITH JUST A WEEK TO GO BEFORE Princess Margaret opens the 21st Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House, it is worth having a look at some of the exhibits that will be shown there. One of the loveliest is the George III silver punch bowl (shown right). It was made in London in 1779 and was presented to the city of Chester in 1780 by the mayor, Gabriel Smith. One side is engraved with the City Arms inside a cartouche backed by a crossed sword and mace. It is 13½ inches wide and holds 20 pints.

Gabriel Smith was a watchmaker and sheriff of Chester in 1767, alderman in 1779 and mayor in 1780. It was the custom for a retiring mayor to present a silver gift to the Corporation. Gabriel was registered as a silversmith, but it is probable that he only made small items, such as watch cases,

and so placed his order for the punch bowl with William Cox of London.

There have been gloomy predictions that the standard of the Antique Dealers' Fair will deteriorate, but this year there are no signs of such a falling off. Other exhibits worth seeking out include a North German altar frontal woven in brilliant colours about 1480; a walnut-cased spinet recorded as the 27th surviving instrument by the 18th-century maker Johannes Hitchcock; Samuel Drummond's picture of the death of Nelson; Thomas Shearer's serpentine pedestal desk illustrated in his book of 1793 (I'm told the price of this is in the region of £8,000), and Napoleon's farewell locket given to a British A.B. in Torbay before his exile.

When the first fair was held in 1934 it was stipulated that every

article displayed would be for sale. This rule is still strictly enforced. Since then, the Grosvenor House Fair (as it has come to be called) has grown in reputation and scope to become recognized as the finest and largest fair of its kind in the

world. Under Royal patronage, it is now an established part of the London season as well as a must for collectors and connoisseurs. Part of the admission fees are given to a charity chosen by the opener, who this year is Princess Margaret.



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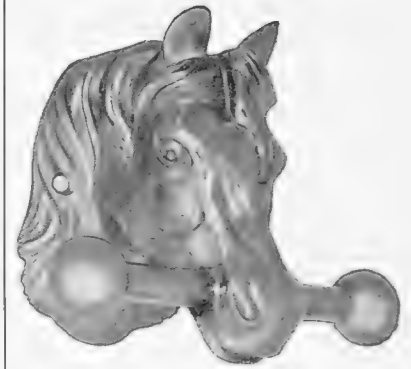
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DINING IN

Season for mackerel

Helen Burke

THE MACKEREL, THOUGH SO MUCH smaller, is allied to the tuna or tunny fish family. We do not, as a rule, find its giant relations in our home waters, but they are sometimes sought off Scarborough and I have tasted excellent smoked tuna from fish caught there.

Mackerel is delicate and delicious, but it has one big drawback. Because it has a gelatinous skin instead of scales it soon deteriorates during warm weather and can become dangerous if exposed to the sun. There was a time when one would only have recommended mackerel freshly caught at the seaside. Nowadays, thanks to improved transport and cold travelling, they arrive inland in excellent condition. They are beautifully shaped and marked, of a lovely greenish-blue with iridescent highlights. They should, of course, look really fresh around the eyes.

Incidentally, mackerel are at their best just now and will be good throughout June and July—but I do not think I would serve them in July, unless I lived at the seaside and could get them the moment they came ashore.

Like herring they are probably

best grilled, which is certainly the quickest and easiest way to cook them. I like Escoffier's method best. He splits them down the back, without cutting them right through, then opens them out, cleans them, and brushes them with melted butter both before and during the gentle grilling—in the grill pan, not on the grid.

Re-form the fish—that is, let them appear to be “natural and untouched”—sprinkle them with salt and pepper and then with “half-melted butter à la maître d'hôtel.” To save time, beat together softened butter laced with lemon juice and chopped parsley. Surround the fish with crescents of lemon. Escoffier also suggests serving his *Sauce Diable*. This you can buy.

MACKEREL WITH GOOSEBERRY SAUCE was a great favourite in Victorian days. First, make the sauce so that the fish does not have to wait. For 4 servings, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. gooseberries should be ample. Cut each in half, then turn them into a saucepan with enough cold water to float them. Bring to the boil, then simmer until the berries are soft. Add 1 oz. sugar or a little more,

cook to a sauce consistency, then rub through a nylon sieve.

Meanwhile, clean 4 good-sized mackerel and brush them under running cold water. Poach them in seasoned *court bouillon*. Remove, drain and skin the fish. Place them on a heated long serving-dish and surround them with parsley which, because it is so good for us, should be eaten and not regarded as merely a garnish.

Pass the gooseberry sauce separately.

At Prunier's, in London, you may get FILETS DE MAQUEREAU A LA BATELIERE. In her book, Madame Prunier tells us to “season the fillets, brush them with oil or melted butter and grill them. Hand them with *Sauce Vert* or a hot *Sauce Ravigote*.”

My choice would be the GREEN SAUCE, even if it does take a little more time to prepare. Here is the recipe, the amounts reduced to be sufficient for 4 servings (or 4 good-sized mackerel):

Blanch in boiling salted water for 10 minutes, 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. in all of watercress leaves, young spinach leaves, tarragon leaves, chervil, parsley and chives. Drain, plunge into cold water, drain again, then squeeze in a linen cloth to extract as much moisture as possible. Pound the lot in a mortar and add the pulp to about $\frac{3}{8}$ pint thick mayonnaise.

Another pleasing way with grilled fillets of mackerel, allowing 1 to 2 per person, is to serve them on

croûtons, first spread with a mixture of *maître d'hôtel* butter and mashed anchovy fillets. Garnish with straw potatoes and pass tomato sauce.

In Normandy, recently, I enjoyed POACHED FILLETS OF MACKEREL, WITH WHITE WINE SAUCE. It is a simple dish. For 4 people, start by cutting 4 good-sized mackerel down the back and carefully remove the bones. Re-shape the fish. In a saucepan, gently cook a sliced onion, 3 parsley stalks and 3 to 4 crushed peppercorns for 5 minutes in a little butter, covered. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint hot water, cover again and simmer for 10 minutes.

Add 2 to 3 split mushroom stalks a pinch of salt and a good wineglass of dry white wine. Cook, covered, for another 10 minutes.

Butter the inside of a shallow pan (the grill pan is ideal), lay the mackerel in it and strain this stock over them. Poach them for 6 to 8 minutes.

Meanwhile, in another small pan, simmer a scant dessertspoon of flour in 1 oz. butter. Remove and strain in the stock from the mackerel. Simmer to thicken the sauce a little. Taste and season as required. Finally, stir in 1 to 2 egg yolks, beaten with 4 to 5 tablespoons of double cream. Heat through but do not boil again. Place the well-drained skinned mackerel in a heated serving-dish and pour the sauce over them.

A squeeze of lemon juice, just before adding the egg yolk and cream, will sharpen the flavour.

MAN'S WORLD

The quarter-deck touch

David Morton

IT HAS BEEN SAID, REGRETFULLY but not unkindly, that Gieves supply everything necessary to the comfort of naval officers, except ward-room gin. Certainly when I visited their Old Bond Street branch there was no sign that this policy had been relaxed; but the hospitality was there. I was shown over the shop by Mr. Rodney Gieve, the chairman, who agreed that the history of the firm was closely tied up with the history of the Royal Navy.

It was founded in Portsmouth in 1785 by Melchizedech Meredith, the grandfather of George Meredith the writer, who was born above the shop. After that the expansion of the firm followed the movement of the Navy. Now branches are country-wide, there are shops in Malta and Gibraltar and this year a new branch was opened at 142 Fenchurch Street in the City.

A distinct change of course can be detected since the end of the war,

though there is certainly no slackening of speed. The reason is that the recent reductions in the officer strength of the Navy and other Services have led Gieves to rely more and more on the excellence of their civilian tailoring. It would be unnatural if there wasn't a touch of regret at Gieves, but the attractions of the shop are such that most officers remain loyal to it even after leaving the Service.

This loyalty is well placed, as I saw when Mr. Gieve took me downstairs to the tailoring shop. Mr. Parker, the head cutter, is in command here, with 10 senior cutters working under him and a host of outworkers on call. We discussed the trend to lightweight suits, and Mr. Gieve made the point that these clothes require much more care than more substantial cloths since they quickly lose their shape if they are not hung up after wear. The standard of tailoring is extremely high at Gieves but prices

are not exorbitant—a three-piece suit would cost between 35 and 42 guineas, according to the sort of cloth chosen.

There is a fully comprehensive made-to-measure department upstairs, and a first-class haberdashery department. I particularly liked a shirt in poplin with thin black stripes about one-eighth of an inch apart; this is sold with two soft collars and double cuff for £3 9s. 6d. There is a good choice of Tattersal checks in poplin, wool and cotton or brushed cotton, or the ultimate luxury of a cream silk shirt at £3 8s. 9d. Sports shirts, polo sweaters, oiled wool jerseys, collars, socks, underwear, can all be found in this front part of the shop and there is also an assistant who is skilled in designing special ties.

There is a gift department that caters specially for men buying presents for a woman. On this floor, too, are the shoe and hat departments, and the corner that can outfit a cadet completely. The early sea-chest and cadet's uniform on show are interesting. Good as the civilian clothes are, the sea never seems far away at Gieves. You can find oilskins, yachting caps and reefers here; the floater reefer is well worth a look. It's proofed wool gaberdine, and has kapok sealed in

the lining—one of the cheaper forms of life insurance at 16 pms.

Before I left, I went downstairs for another talk with Mr. Parker. He showed me the new full dress uniform for admirals that was designed by Gieves—within a strict budget. The new uniform coat is imposing rather than splendid, which the old frock coat was. There are no gold bullion epaulettes, the sword-belt carries less gold embroidery and the peaked cap has replaced the cocked hat. I don't think Nelson, Howe and Rodney—past customers all—would approve. But the gold rings are still there; promotion costs an admiral about £8 in this respect. Gold lace is still being woven for Gieves on looms that were in use before Trafalgar was fought.

But for the time being the emphasis is on civilian clothes, and the policy seems to be catch 'em young—this dictated the opening of branches in Harrow, Winchester and Cambridge, with another one contemplated in Oxford. But Gieves remains what it has been since 1785, when the first bearer of that name joined the firm—a family business. The fourth generation of the family, Mr. Robert Gieve, 22, is now being trained as a tailor, so the tradition seems secure.

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New models & some old faults

Gordon Wilkins

IF CAR SALES IN EUROPE AND THE United States are still running below the peak levels of a year or so ago it is certainly not for any lack of new or improved models to tempt the motorist's fancy. The past few days have brought several more. Ford's new Consul Classic has already been shown on the Continent and will reach the home market late in June. It is a graceful, roomy car, the first British popular model to have four headlamps and the first to have disc brakes. In size it comes between the Anglia and Consul—the Prefect is now dropped. There is a choice of two or four-door bodywork, features of which are unusually good rear leg room and an immense luggage trunk with the spare wheel tucked away inside the left rear wing. Colour schemes are particularly attractive and upholstery is finished with gay new metallic piping.

The engine is developed from that of the Anglia but is enlarged to 1,340 c.c. to give 56½ horsepower and it uses the same gearbox, but buyers have the option of central, or steering column gear lever and the axle ratio is higher. A practical new feature is a variable speed control for the windscreen wipers, and there is a headlamp flasher switch in the end of the direction indicator trigger. Chassis greasing has been reduced to a very few points. The price had not been announced when this issue went to press, but it is certain to be highly competitive.

For the first time a new British car has made its début in Moscow, it was the Triumph Herald 1200 station wagon, shown for the first time at the British Trade Fair. Style of the two-door body conforms closely with that of the other models in the range and overall dimensions are the same as for the saloon. At the rear is a single lift-up panel giving access to a flat platform for luggage, this can be extended to carry loads 64 inches long by folding down the rear backrest. The wagon has the same equipment as other Herald 1200 models, including the 1,147 c.c. engine, white rubber bumpers, more comfortable seats, better trim, and walnut insert on the instrument panel. It also has larger tyres, 5.60 instead of 5.20 to cope with heavier loads. Price is £563 10s. 2d. or £799 8s. 4d. with tax.

On the Mark II version of the

Austin Healey Sprite just announced, the body has been extensively re-styled, engine power is slightly increased and there is a new close-ratio gearbox. Headlamps are now in the wings and front panels are now fixed, with a conventional bonnet giving access to the engine, so that it is no longer necessary to lift a great weight of front wings and bonnet panelling to reach the mechanical parts and then crawl underneath it. There is also a lid giving access to the luggage compartment from outside. Like all the latest BMC cars, the new Sprite has built-in anchorages for safety harness, an optional extra.

It is a great improvement over the original, but will not impress those who have seen the Innocenti 950 which the Italians are building on the same chassis. I can never understand why the BMC people, a fabulous retainer to Pininfarina, yet go on thinking they can dispense with his services when designing sports cars. There is also an improved Austin Healey 3000 with three carburettors instead of two, behind a new radiator grille with vertical instead of horizontal bars. There are other engine modifications too, adding eight horsepower, to give a total of 532, and servo assistance will be available for the brakes as an extra.

We have the best brakes, progress is being made in eliminating unnecessary chassis maintenance, and a few makers are now alive to the need for headlamp flashers. One of the worst features of British cars remains the old fashioned starter. We are the only nation in the world to go on using this brutal, noisy device which sends the pinion crashing in when the switch is used. It goes out of action when oil or dirt causes the pinion to stick and it makes cold-weather starting needlessly difficult. With cars of other nations, if one cylinder fires, you can keep the starter engaged, helping the engine until it can keep itself going. On British cars, every time even one cylinder fires the starter goes out of engagement, so you run down the battery in fruitless effort. If I were a foreign motorist I should regard it as an excellent reason for not buying a British car. A little more competition in the supply of vital electrical components would work wonders, but unfortunately there seems to be no hope of it.

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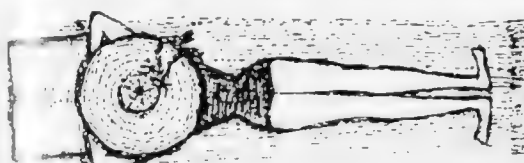
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Miss Carolyn Abel Smith to Mr. John Julian Sheffield. *She* is the daughter of Brig. Alexander Abel Smith, and the late Mrs. Abel Smith. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. John Sheffield, of Whitechurch, Hants



LENARE

Miss Louise York to Mr. John Seymour. *She* is the second daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Christopher York, of Long Marston Manor, York. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Roger Seymour



Weddings

Murray—Bigham: Joanna, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Murray, of Canon Lodge, N.W.3, was married to the Hon. Richard Bigham, Master of Nairne, eldest son of Viscount & Viscountess Mersey, of Bignor Park, Pulborough, at Christ Church, N.W.3



Rudebeck—Ryder Runton: Tessa, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. Rudebeck, of The Gote, Streat, Sussex, was married to Clive Anthony, son of Mr. & Mrs. S. Ryder Runton, of Wheatley Chase, Ben Rhydding, Yorkshire, at St. Mary the Virgin, Ringmer, Sussex

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Mr. P. L. White and
Miss V. M. Wilson**

The engagement is announced between Peter Lamplough, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald L. White, of Weeton, near Leeds, and Virginia Marella, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Wilson, of Hopton Brow, Mirfield, Yorkshire.

**Mr. D. A. S. Gladstone and
Miss A. Brunner**

The engagement is announced between David, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Gladstone, of Bassetts, Mark Cross, Sussex, and April, daughter of Wing Commander and Mrs. Patrick Brunner, of Wotton House, Wotton Underwood, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire.

**Mr. J. P. Goodacre and
Miss I. E. Calmann**

The engagement is announced between John Purefoy, son of the late Prebendary John Goodacre, M.C., and Mrs. Goodacre, of Blackrock, co. Dublin, and Iris Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Calmann, of Carlton Hill, London, and Perridge House, Pilton, Somerset.

**Mr. G. D. C. Preston and
Miss E. A. Rennie**

The engagement is announced between George, son of Professor and Mrs. G. D. Preston, of Craigellie, Alyth, Perthshire, and Elizabeth, daughter of the late Major-General T. G. Rennie, C.B., D.S.O., M.B.E., and of Mrs. H. E. Richardson, 73 Hepburn Gardens, St. Andrews, Fife.

**Mr. G. V. C. Davies and
Miss V. M. Flemming**

The engagement is announced between Godfrey Valentine, son of the late Canon and Mrs. B. H. Davies, and Vanessa Marguerite, daughter of Captain C. C. Flemming, R.N., and Mrs. Flemming, of Laverton House, near Bath.

**Captain J. B. Freeland and
Miss B. J. S. Skinner**

The engagement is announced between John Bayfield Freeland, Royal Engineers, son of Major-General R. A. B. Freeland, M.C., and Mrs. Freeland, of Brent Eleigh, Suffolk, and Beroc, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Skinner, of Holt Lodge, Kintbury, Berkshire.

**Mr. A. F. V. Pitter and
Miss B. Robb**

The engagement is announced between Anthony, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. V. Pitter, of 19 The Street, Fetcham, Leatherhead, Surrey, and Barbara, youngest daughter of the late Mr. G. A. L. Robb, and Mrs. Robb, of the Pound House, Whitford, Axminster, Devon.

**Mr. J. S. R. Morris and
Miss V. J. Turvey**

The engagement is announced between John, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Morris, of 6 Park Avenue, Bromley, Kent, and Valerie, elder daughter of Inst. Capt. A. W. Turvey, R.N. (Retd.), and Mrs. Turvey, of 22 Kinnaird Avenue, Bromley, Kent.

**Mr. S. J. B. Pratt and
Miss J. B. Bradbury**

The engagement is announced between Simon, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. B. Pratt, of Watford, Hertfordshire, and Jeanne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Bradbury, of The Willows, Queenborough Lane, Braintree, Essex.

**Mr. N. B. Baile and
Miss J. M. G. Gleave**

The engagement is announced between Nicholas Bernard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Baile, of Brook Farm, Elsthorpe, Bourne, Lincolnshire, and Jane Mary Gabrielle, daughter of Mr. Henry Gleave, and the late Mrs. G. K. Fischer, of The Cottage, Ashton, Peterborough.

**Dr. H. G. Naylor and
Dr. A. F. Worsfold**

The engagement is announced between Henry Gordon, son of Mrs. H. Hardman, of 182 Perry Road, Sherwood, Nottingham, and the late Mr. T. Naylor, and Ann Frances, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Worsfold, of 127 Manor Road, Guildford, Surrey.

**Mr. R. S. Beale and
Miss C. A. R. Gibson**

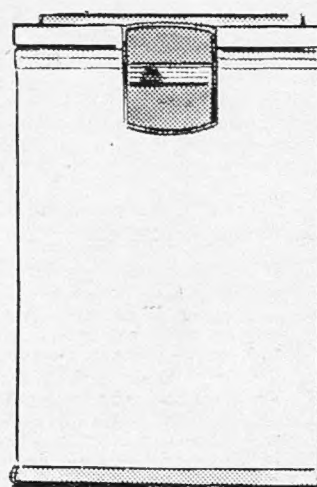
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